

DELL

AUGUST

10¢

M.G.M.'s **Tom and Jerry** Comics





SEVEN-UP
PRESENTS

"SAM'S LINGO LESSONS"

(Fun for your next party! Have guests read these panels. Give each 5 minutes to invent one new Lingo line. Award prize for cleverest one.)



FARMER BROWN WOULD SAY: "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched!"
SAM WOULD SAY: "Lay off the hen census till the shells are unlatched!"
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?



BUS DRIVER SAYS: "Move to the rear of the bus, please!"
SAM WOULD SAY: "Make tracks to the back. It's space we lack!"
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?



PARTY PAUL WOULD SAY: "Put all the trimmings on my burger—pickle, tomato, lettuce—everything!"
SAM WOULD SAY: "Burden my beef! Drag it through the garden!"
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

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They all say...

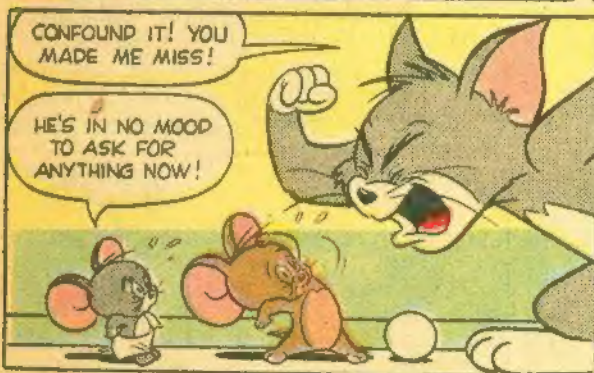
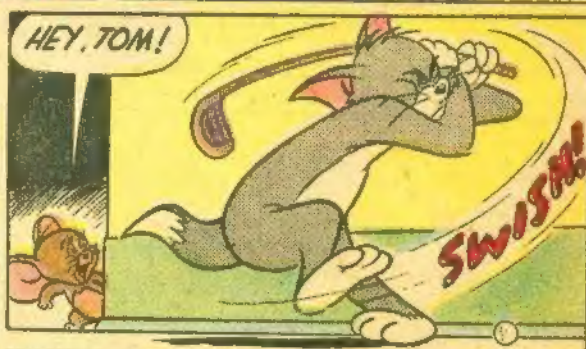
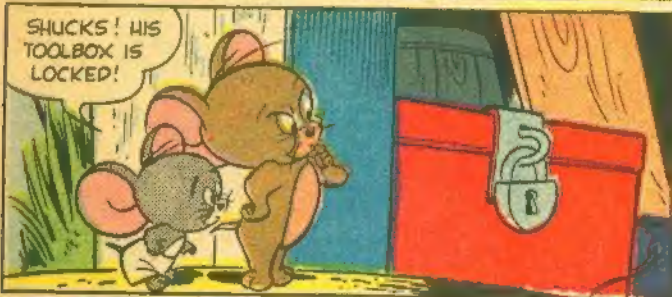
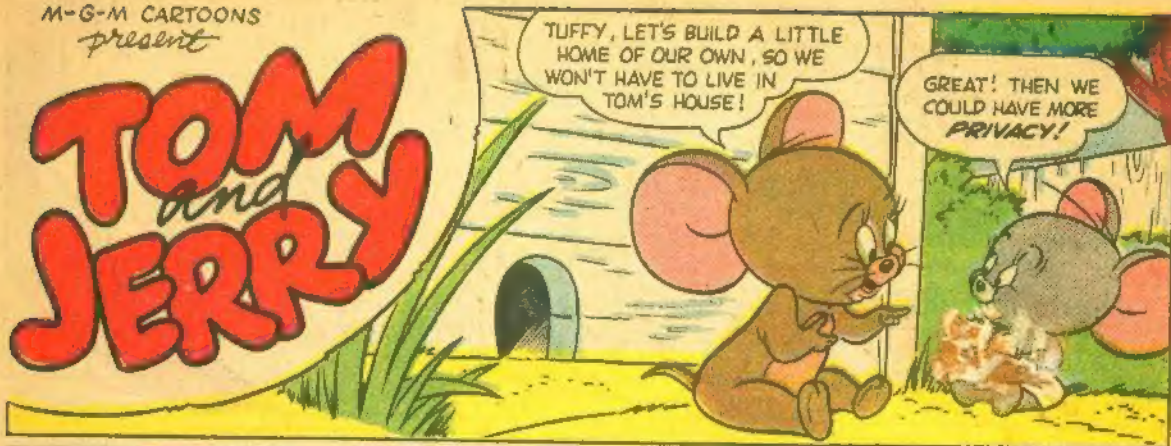
**"NOTHING DOES IT
LIKE SEVEN-UP!"**

It's got that fresh, clean taste! Seven-Up is mighty delish. Leaves your mouth feeling cool as a pool. When you're out with the crowd—make your drink 7-Up. Give 'em the word at home, too—7-Up! Any time, any place—sparkling, crystal-clear 7-Up treats you right!



M-G-M CARTOONS
present

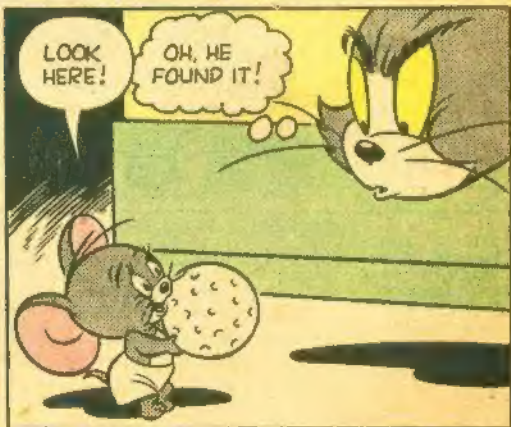
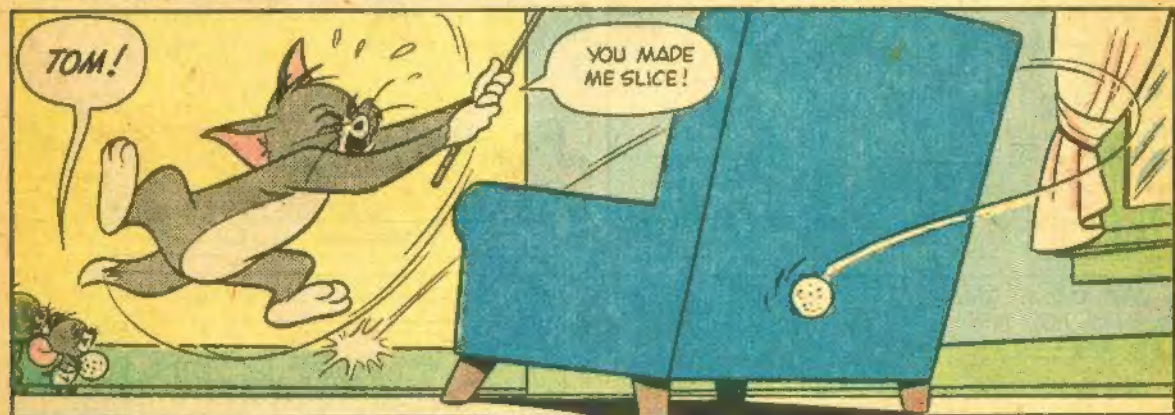
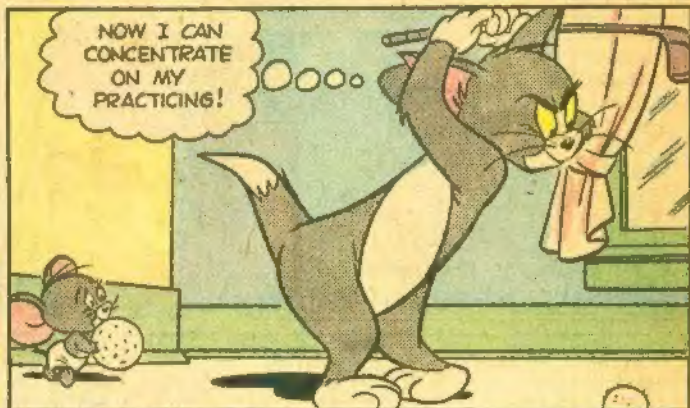
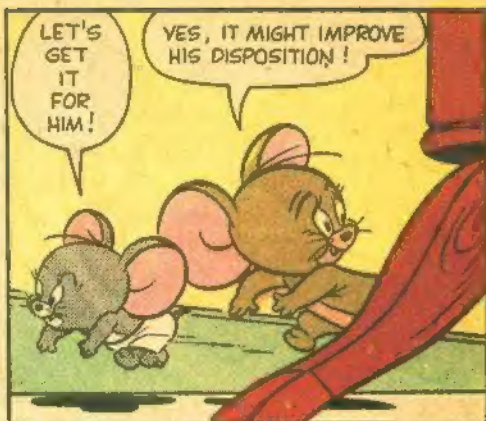
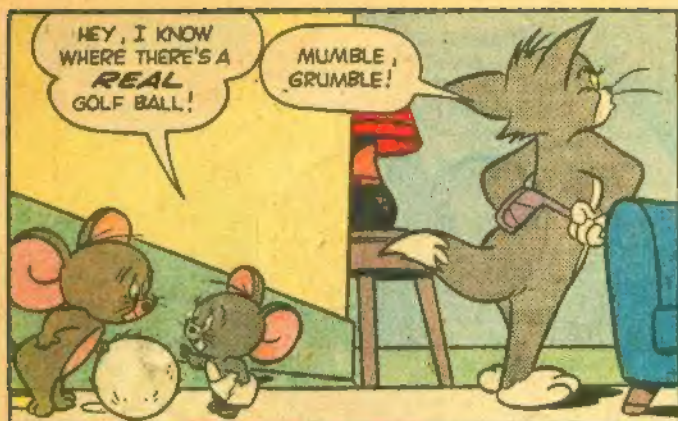
TOM and JERRY

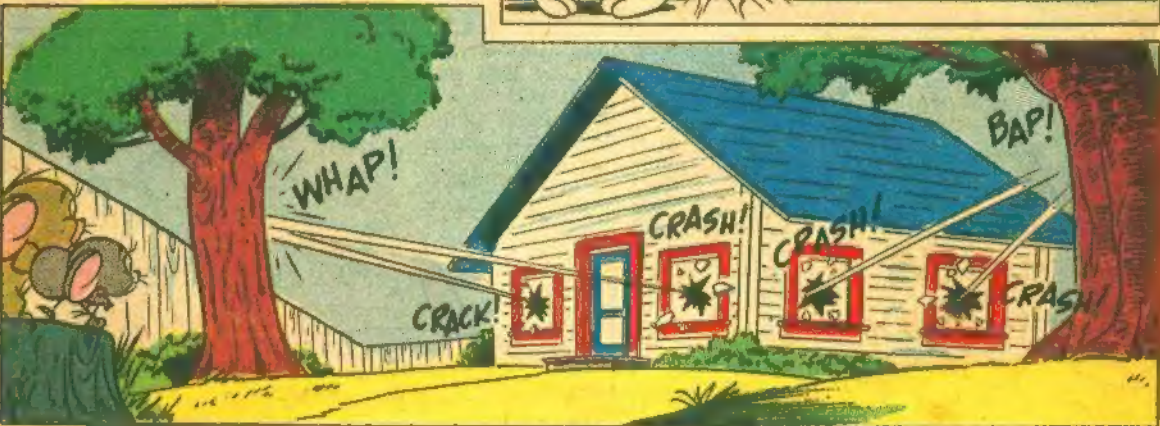
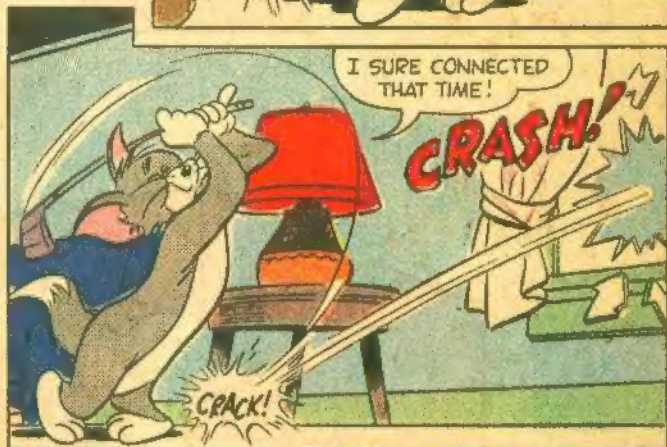
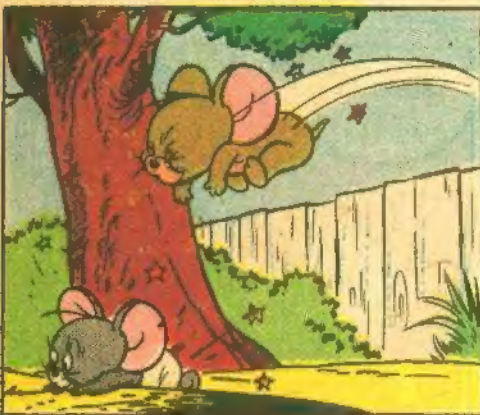
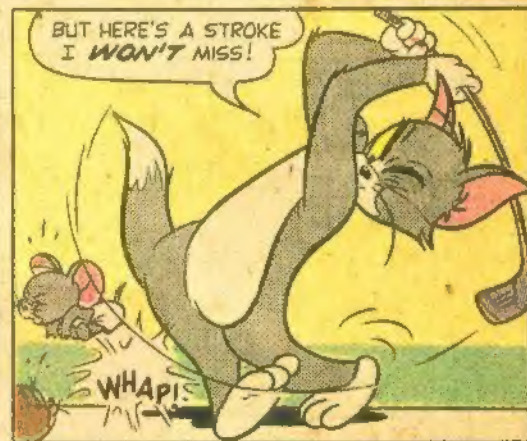
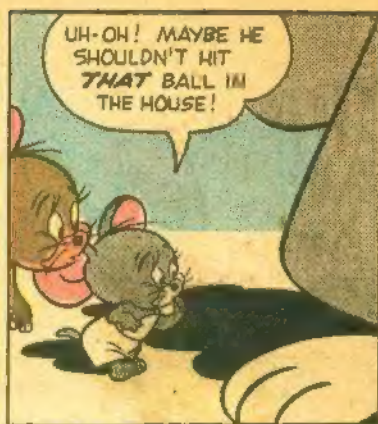


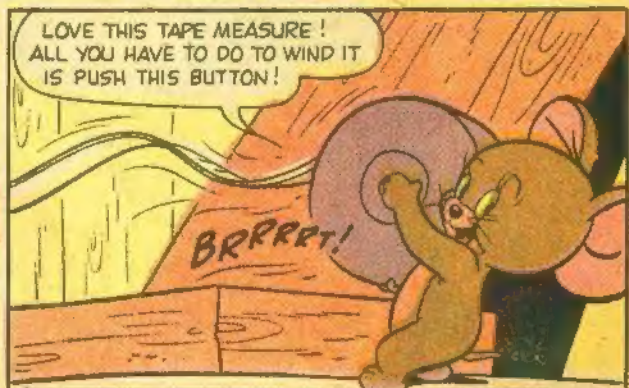
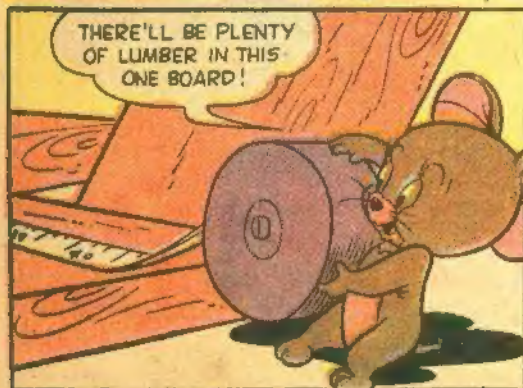
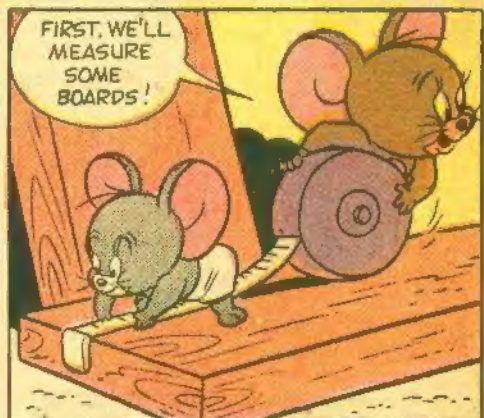
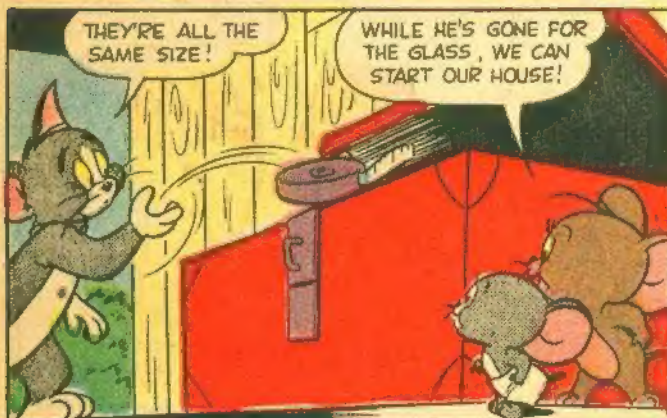
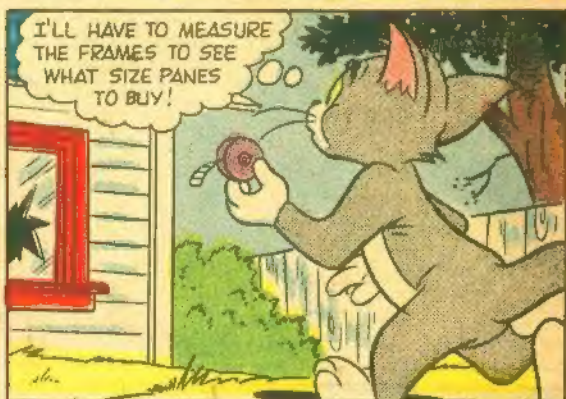
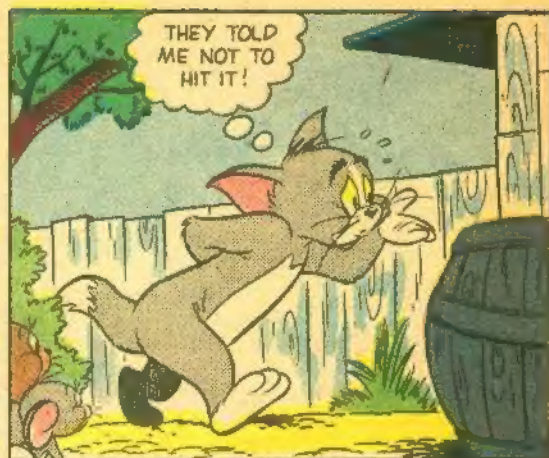
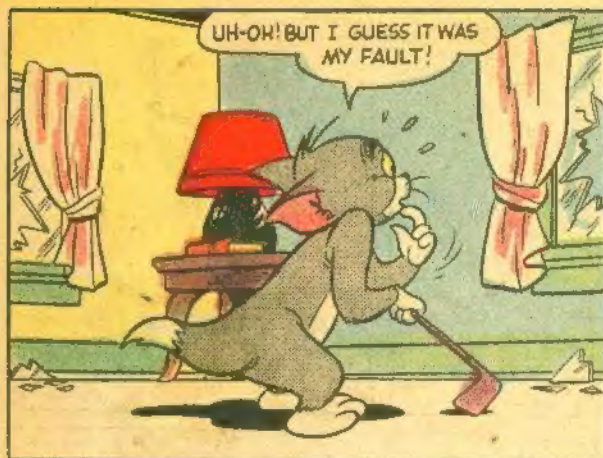
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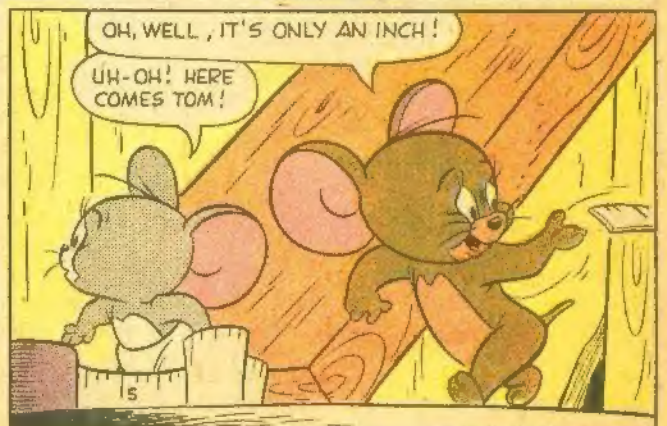
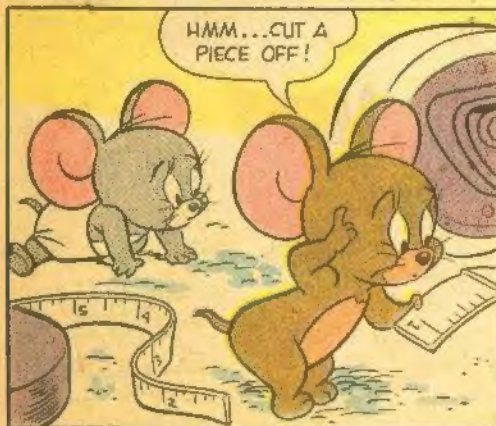
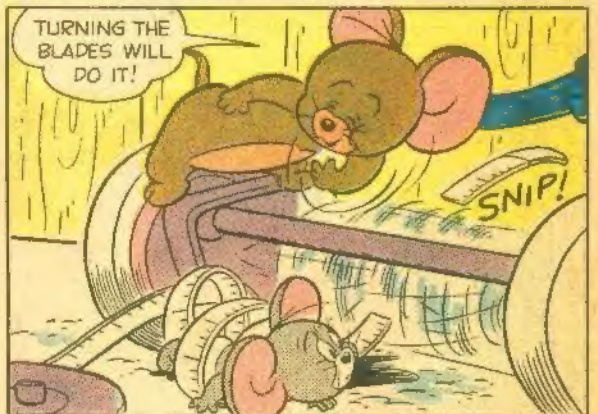
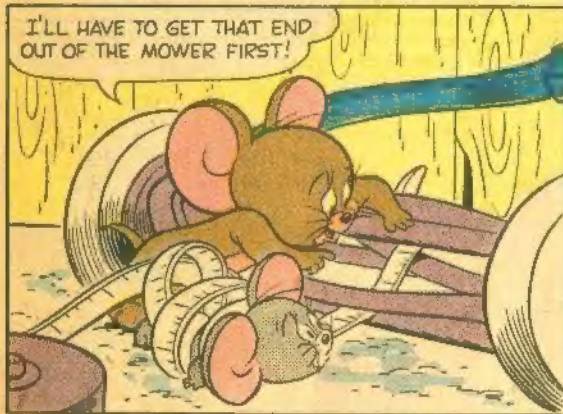
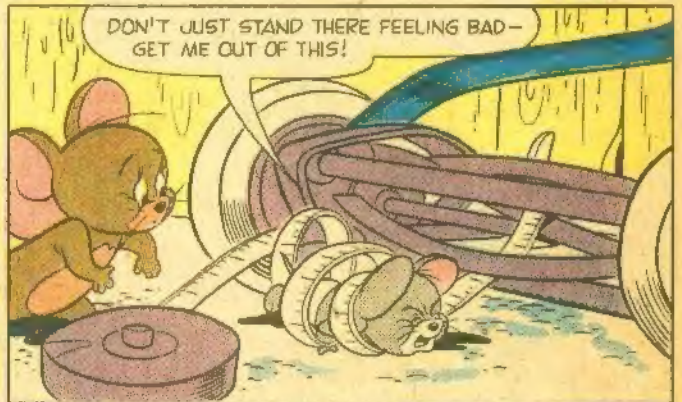
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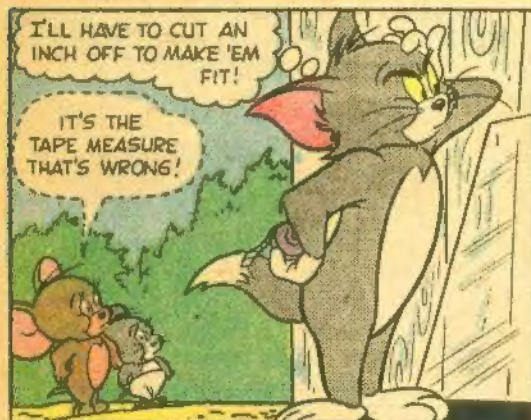
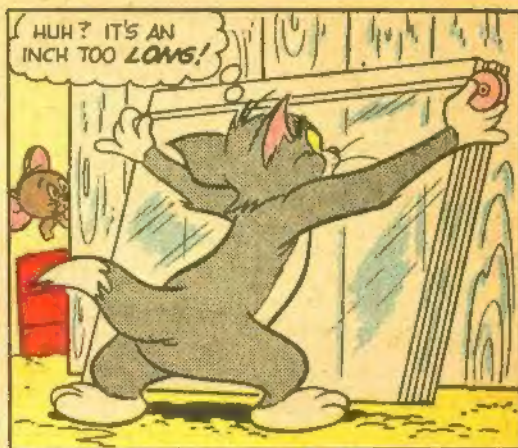
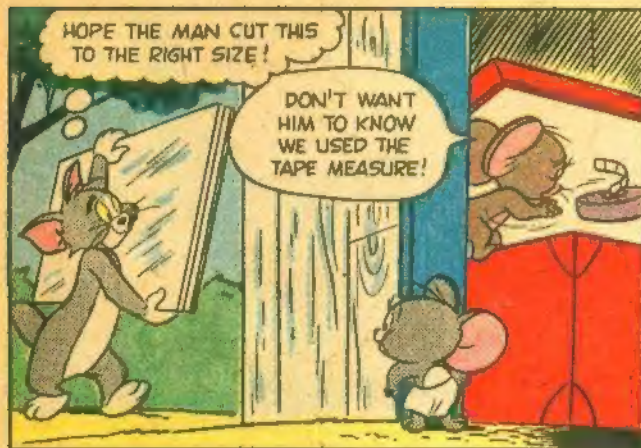
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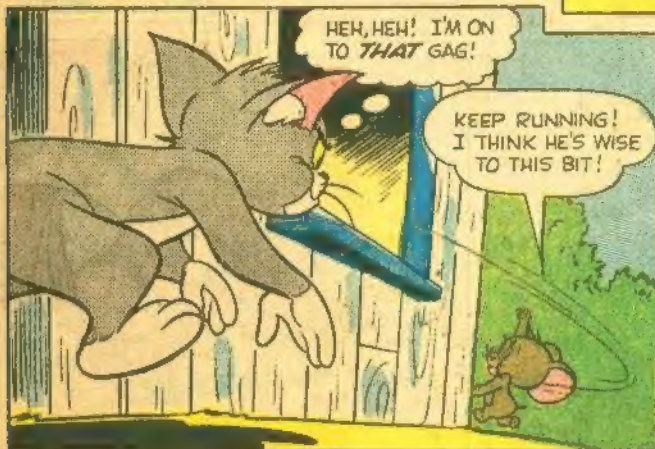
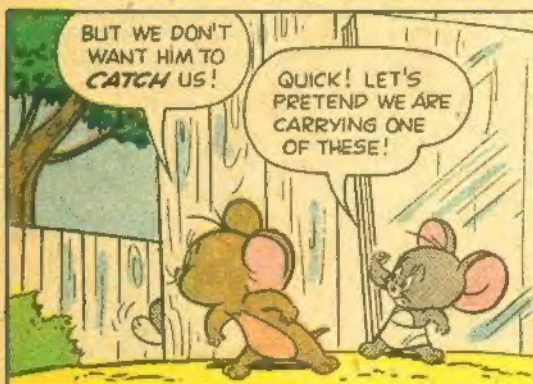
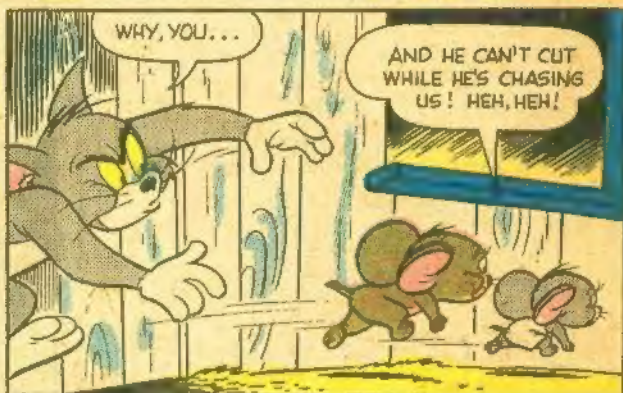
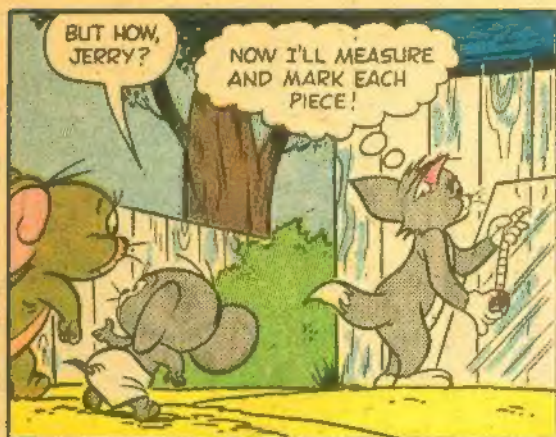


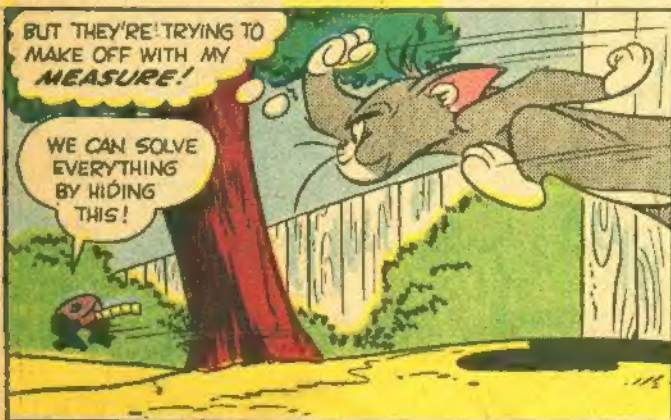
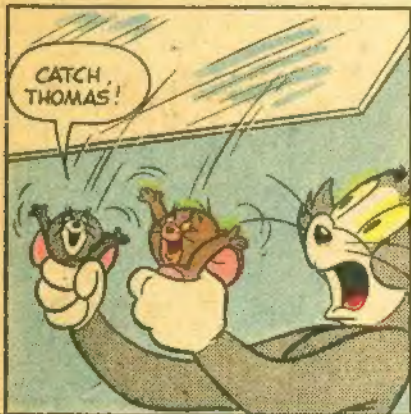
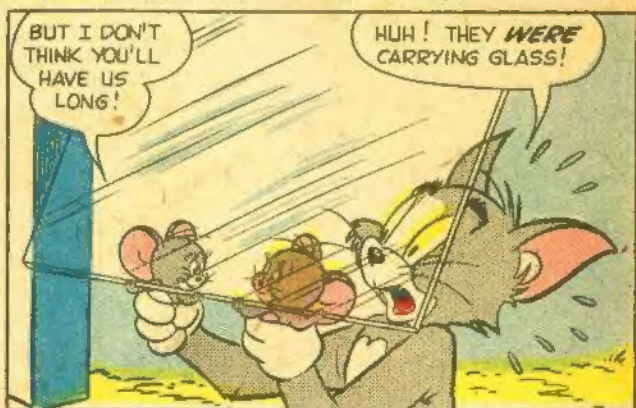
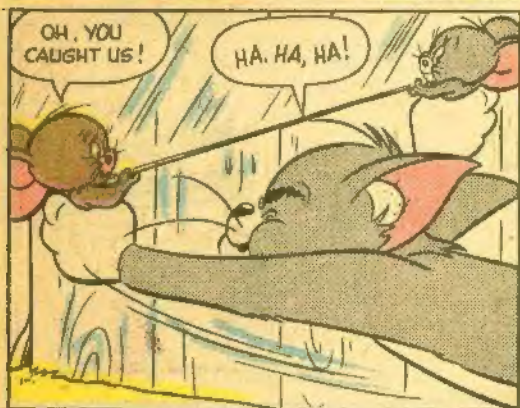
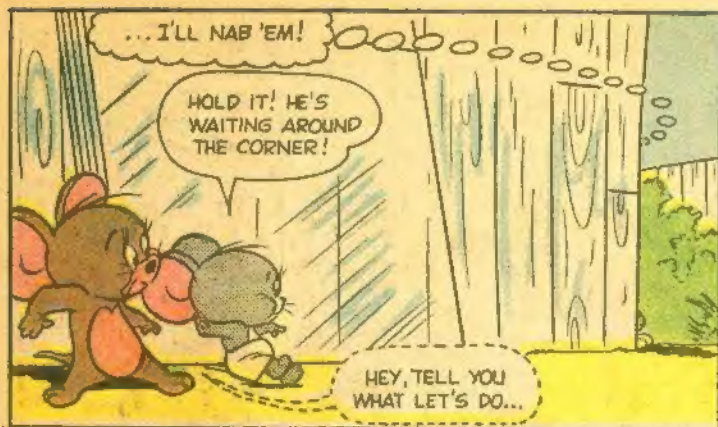


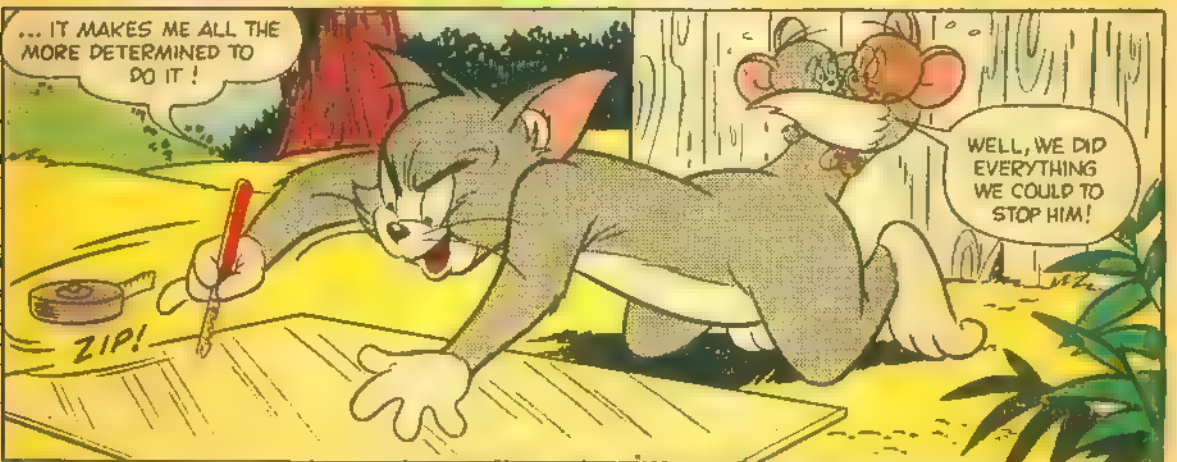
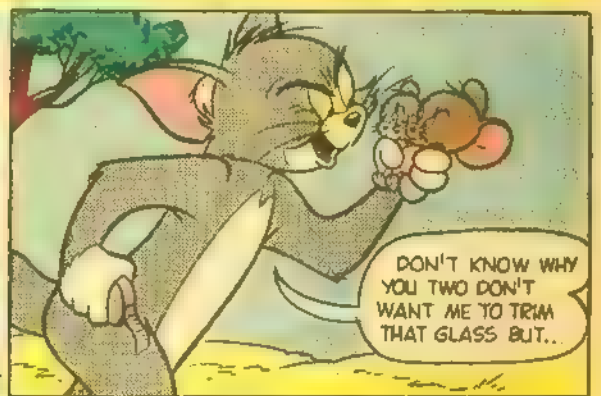
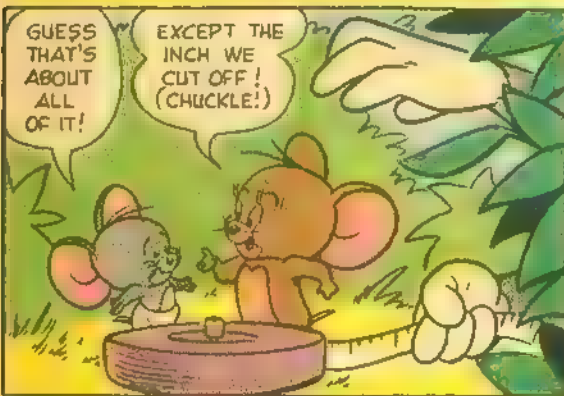
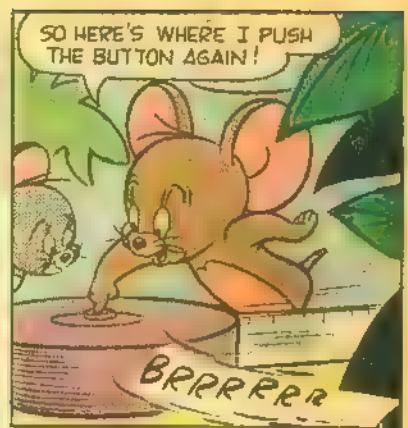
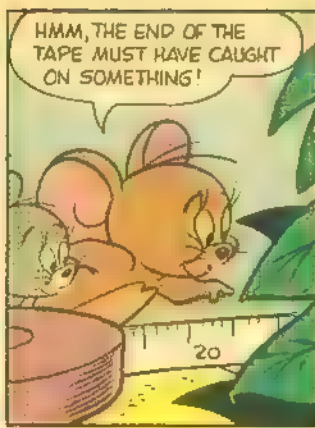
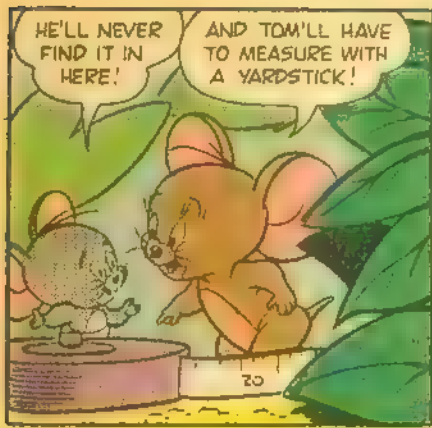


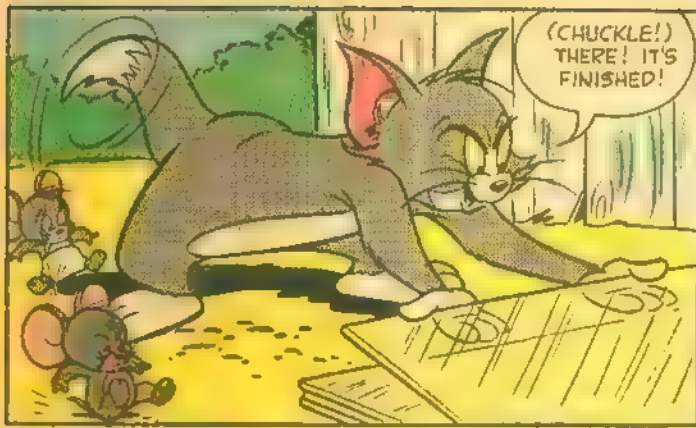




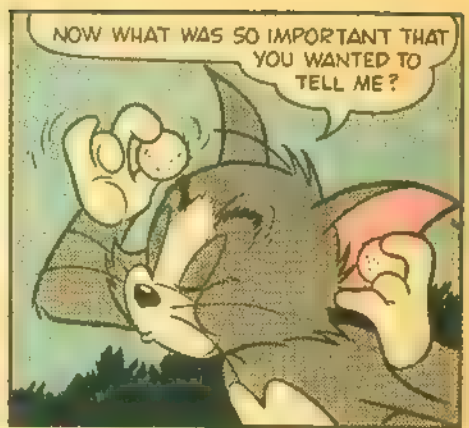




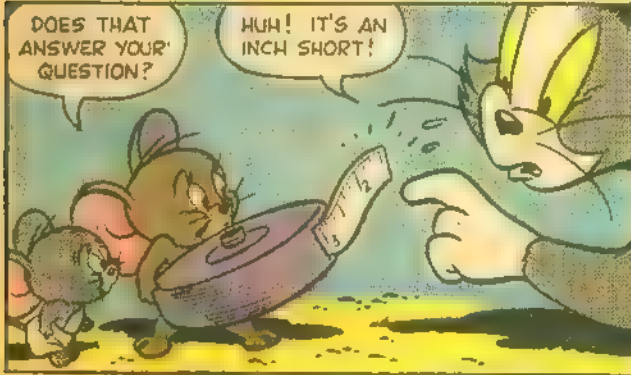




(CHUCKLE!)
THERE! IT'S
FINISHED!



NOW WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT
THAT
YOU WANTED TO
TELL ME?



DOES THAT
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION?

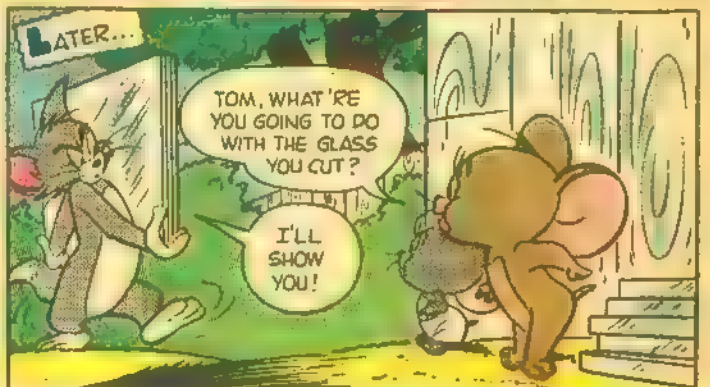
HUH! IT'S AN
INCH SHORT!



AND SO
IS THE
GLASS!



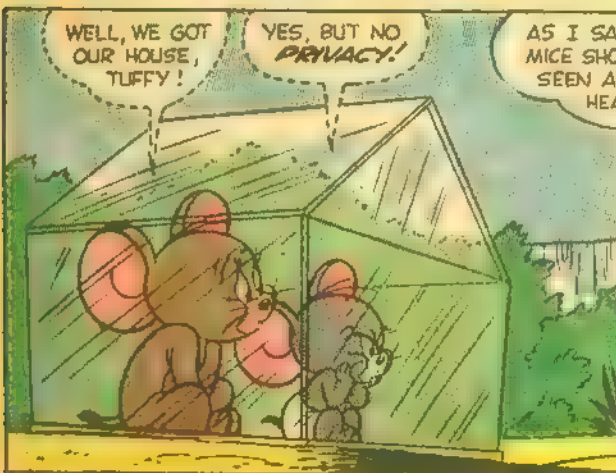
NOW I
HAVE TO GO
TO THE
GLAZIERS
FOR MORE!



LATER...

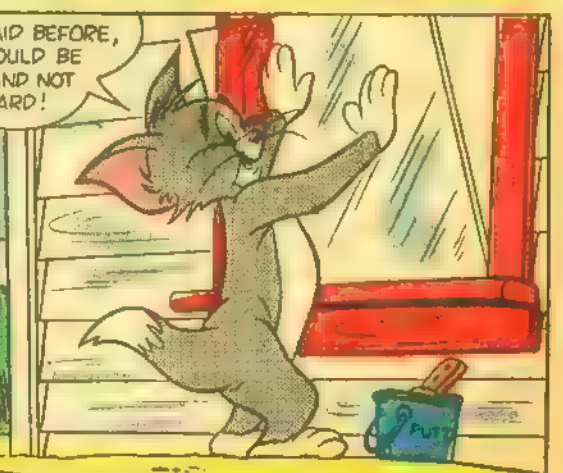
TOM, WHAT'RE
YOU GOING TO DO
WITH THE GLASS
YOU CUT?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU!



WELL, WE GOT
OUR HOUSE,
TUFFY!

YES, BUT NO
PRIVACY!



AS I SAID BEFORE,
MICE SHOULD BE
SEEN AND NOT
HEARD!

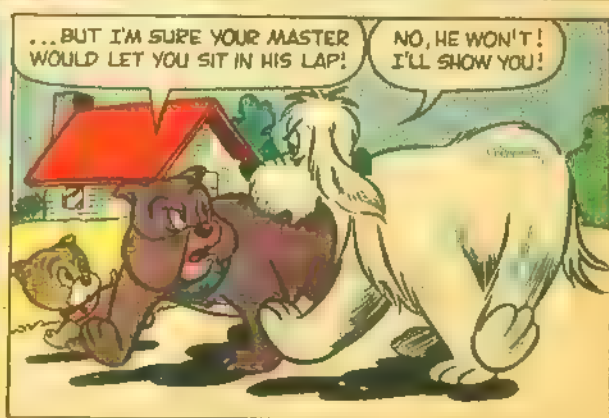
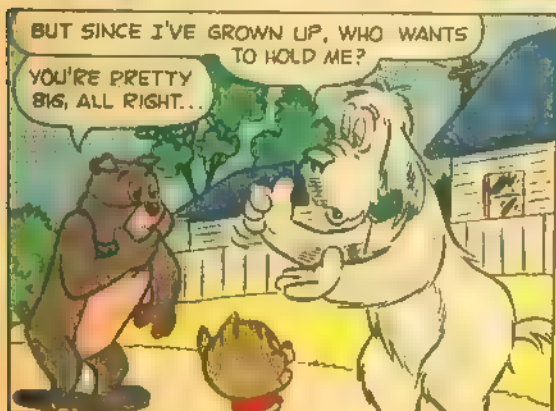
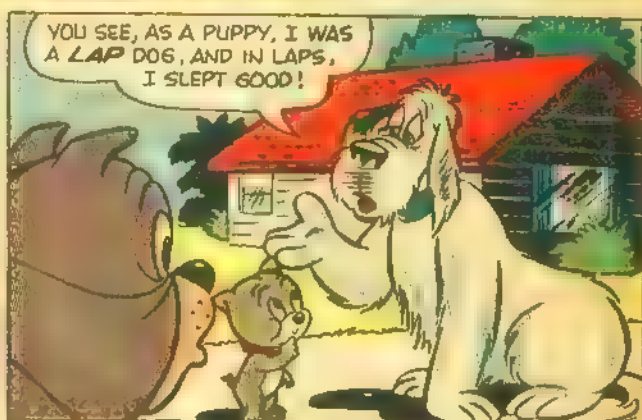
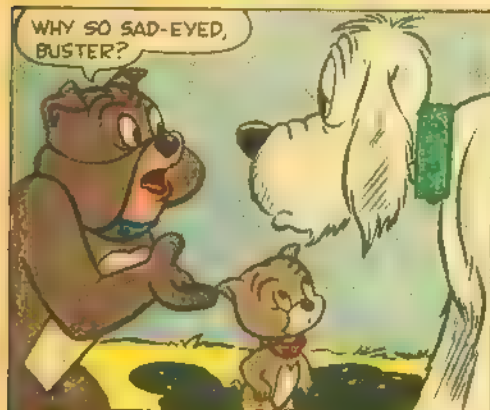
M-G-M CARTOONS

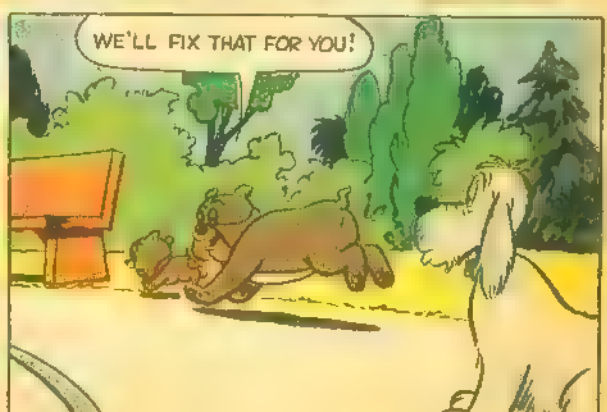
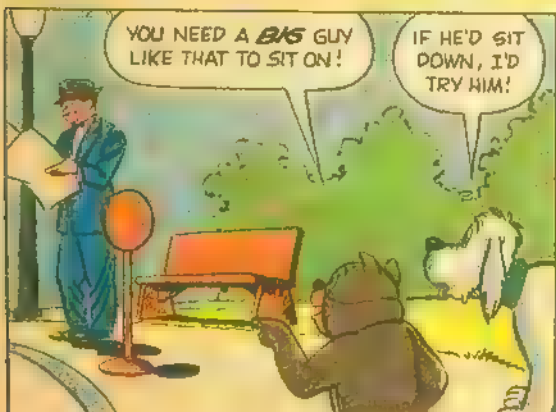
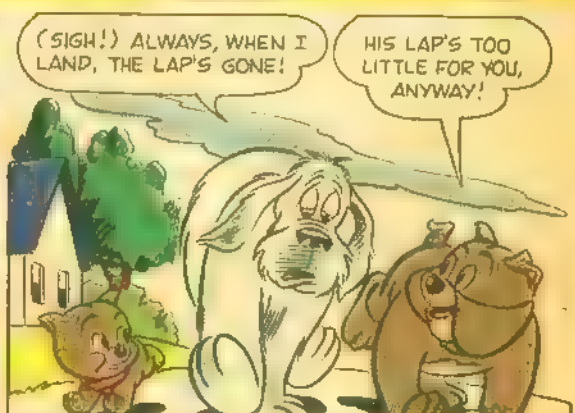
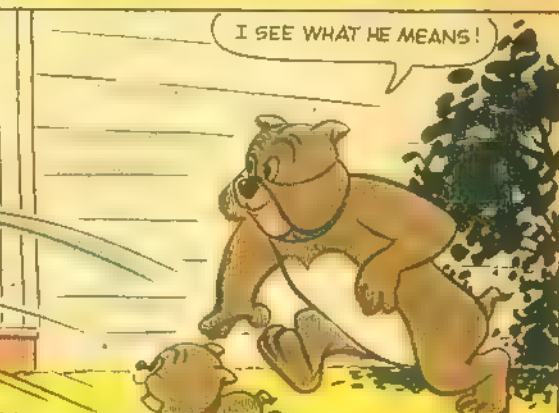
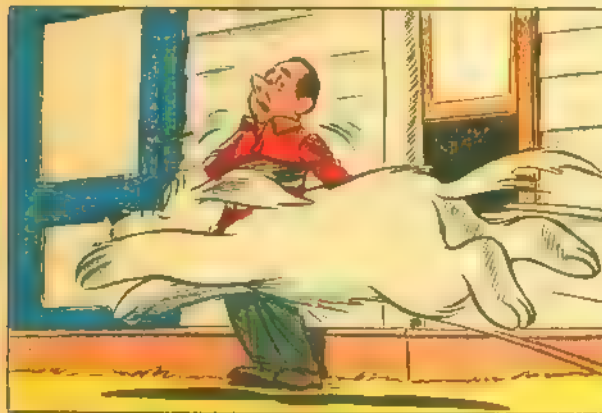
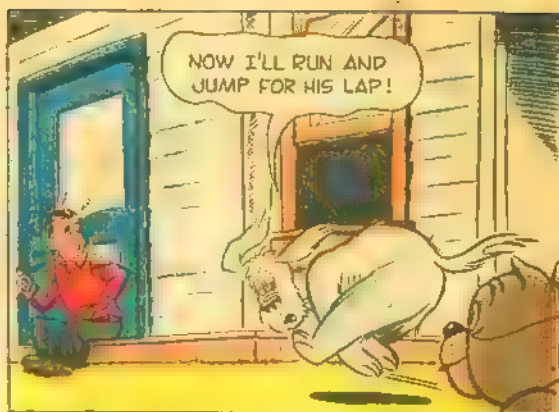
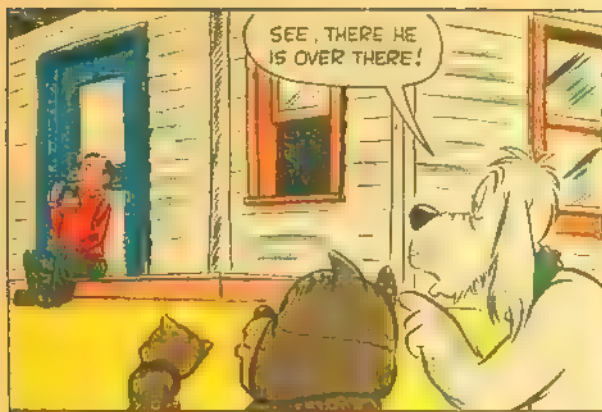
Present

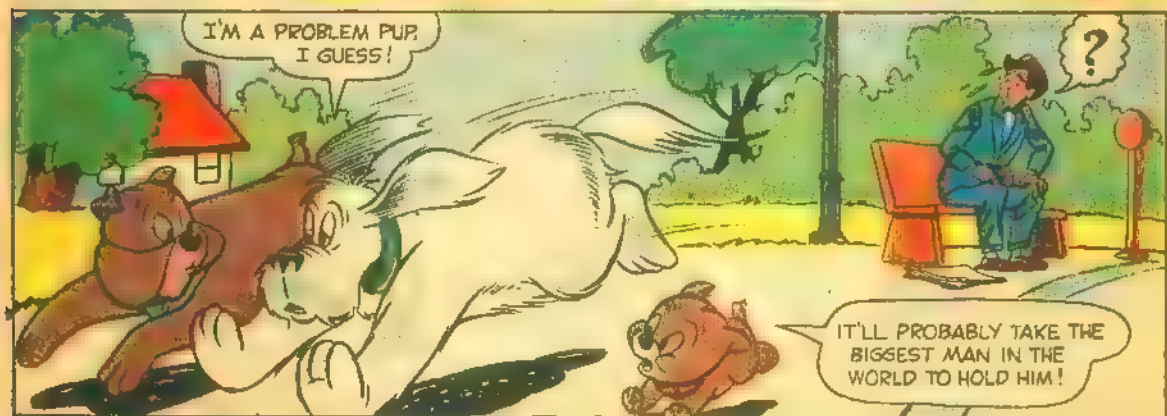
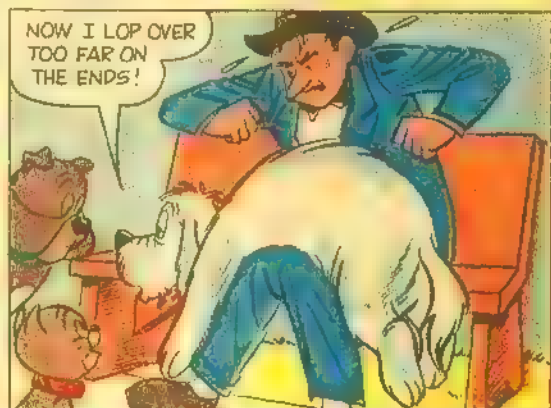
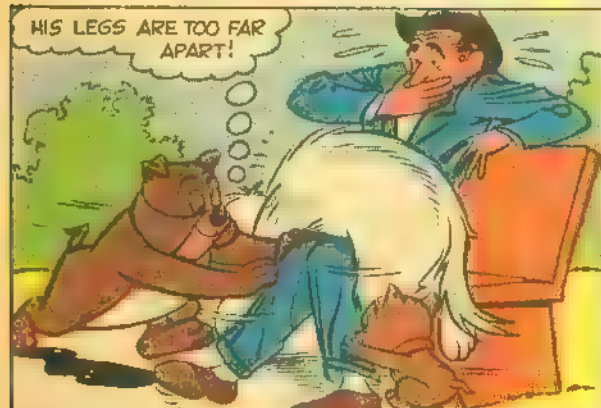
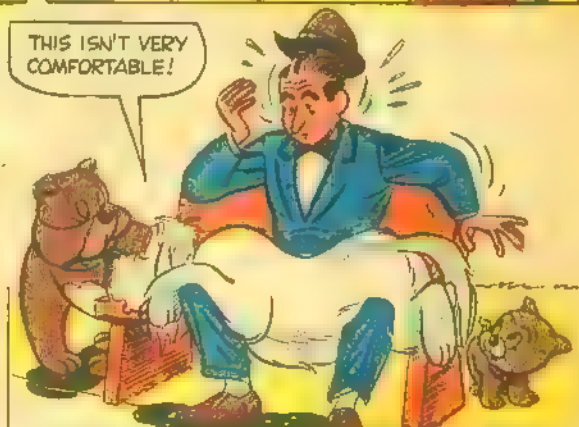
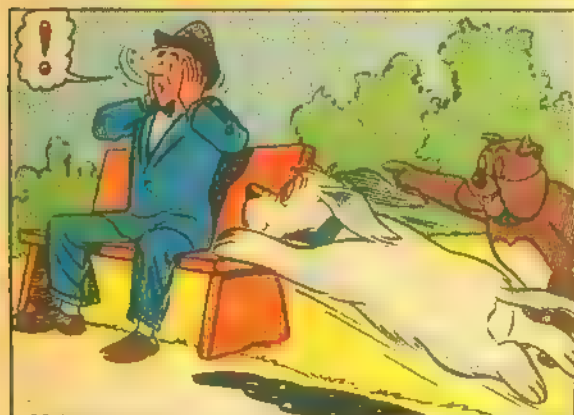
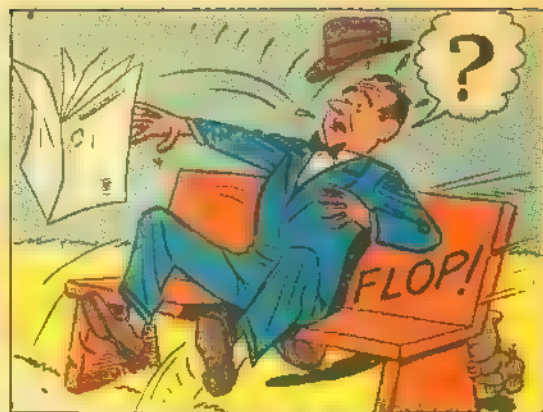
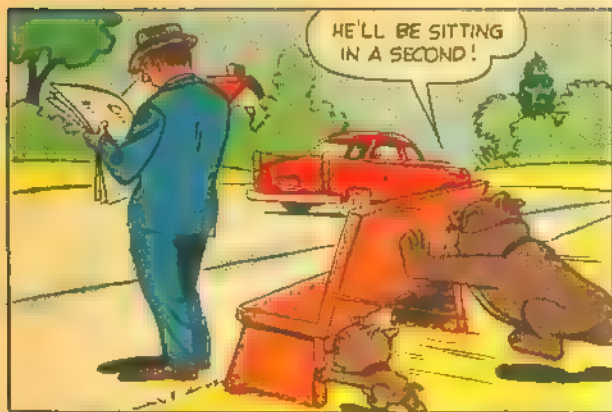
Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

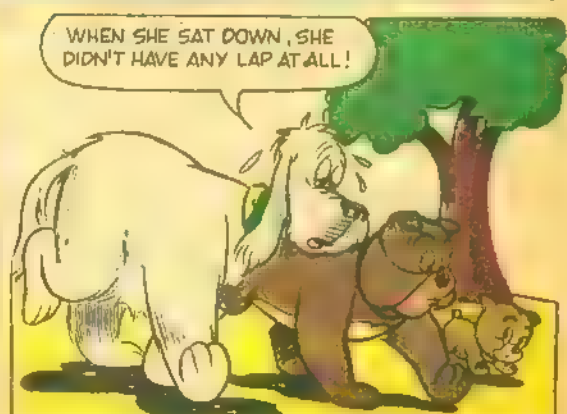
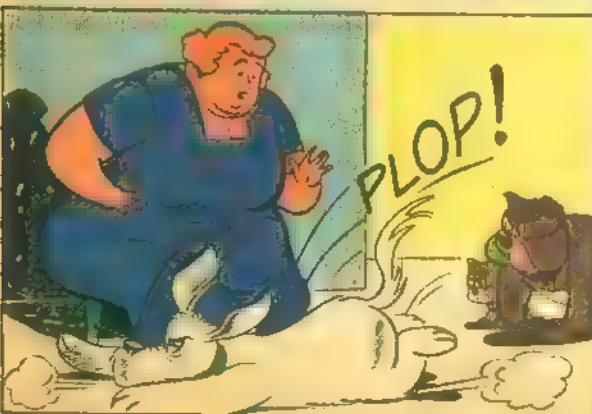
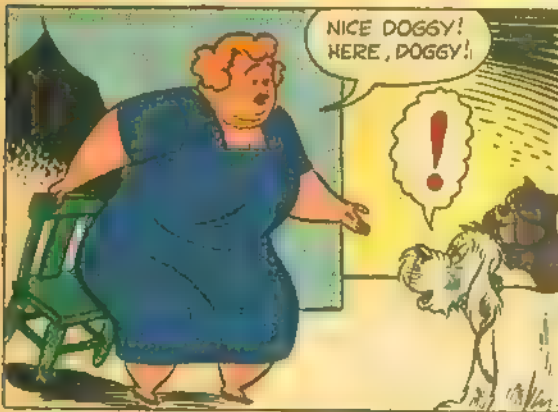
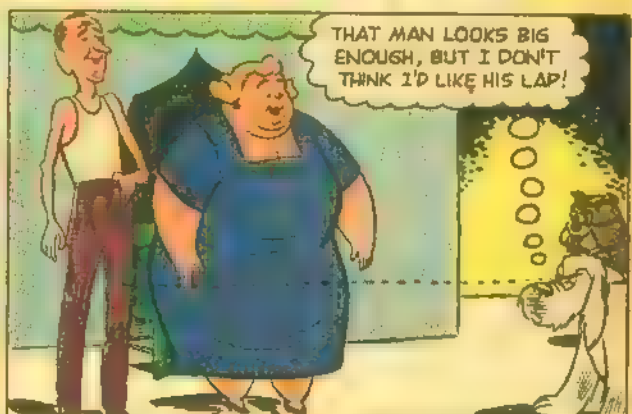
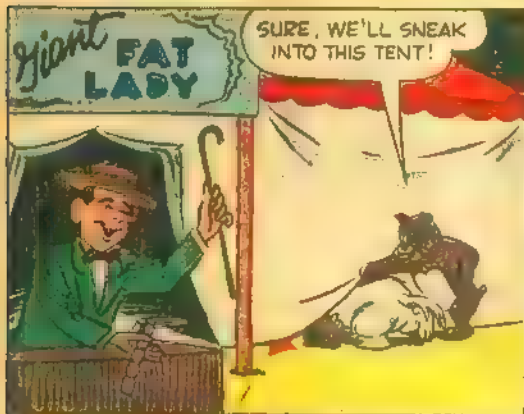
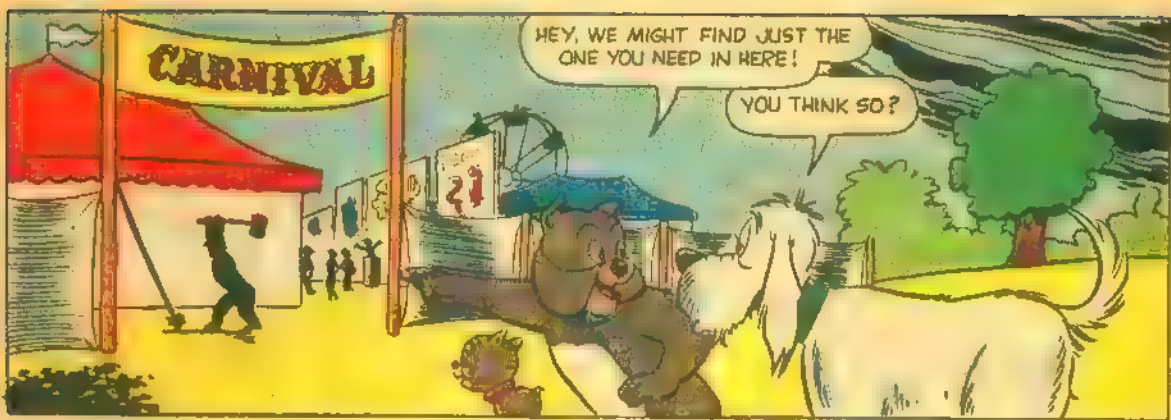
TYKE, THERE'S A MOURNFUL-LOOKING MUTT, IF I EVER SAW ONE!

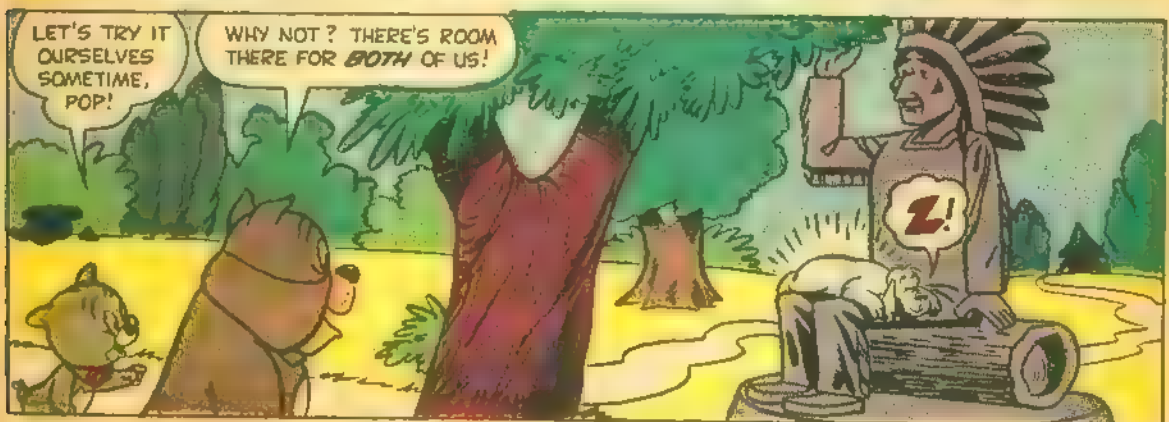
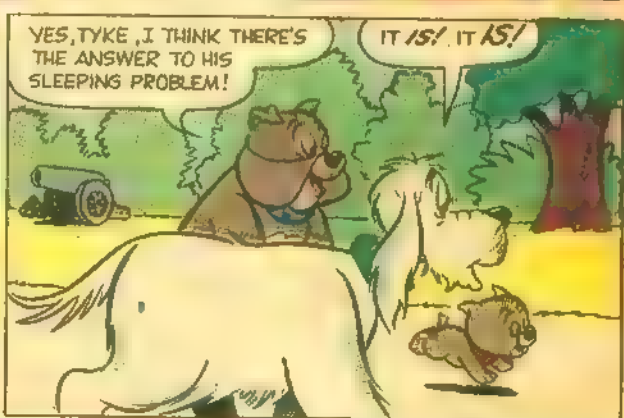
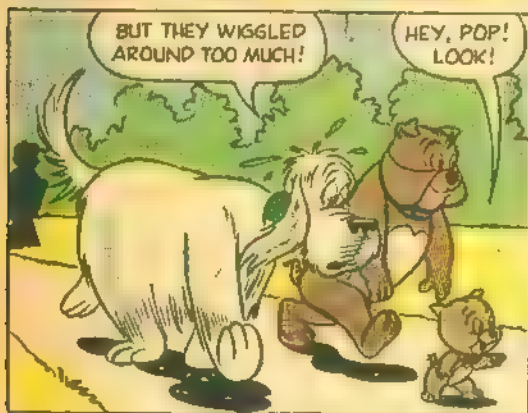
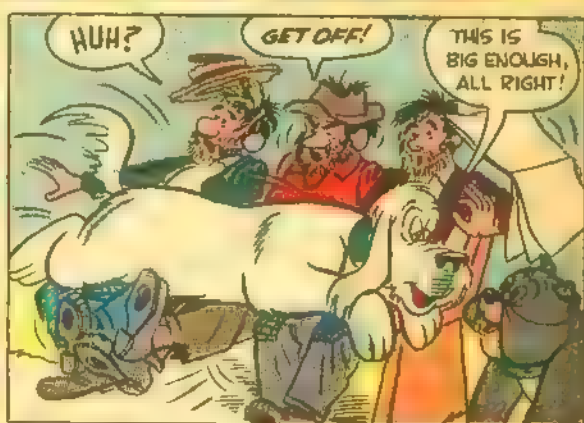
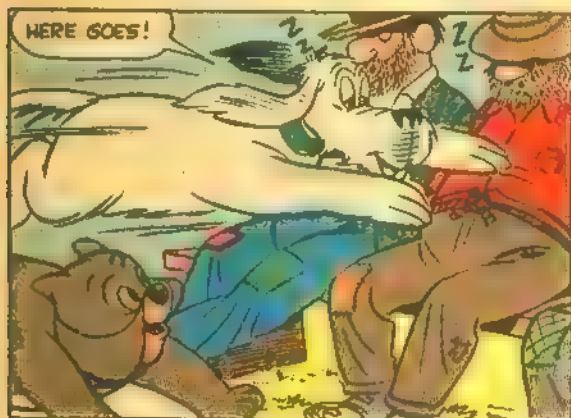
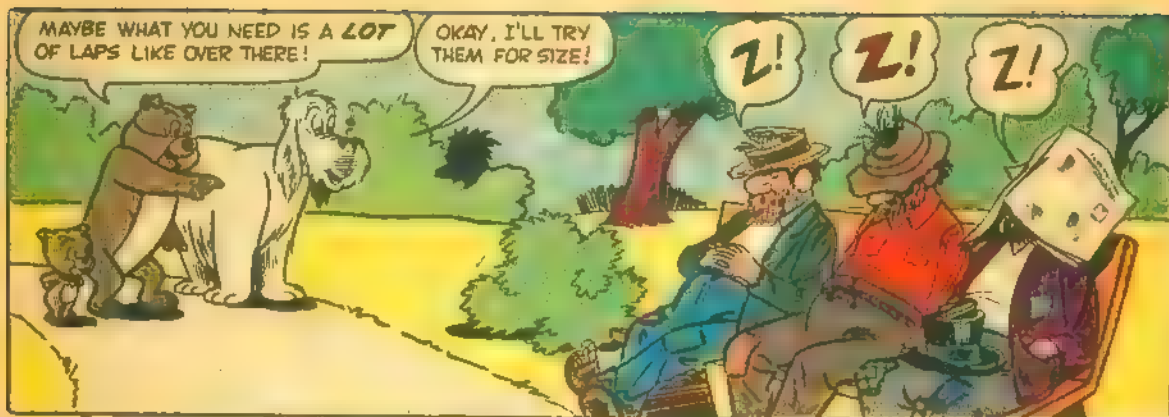
ASK HIM WHAT HIS TROUBLE IS, POP!





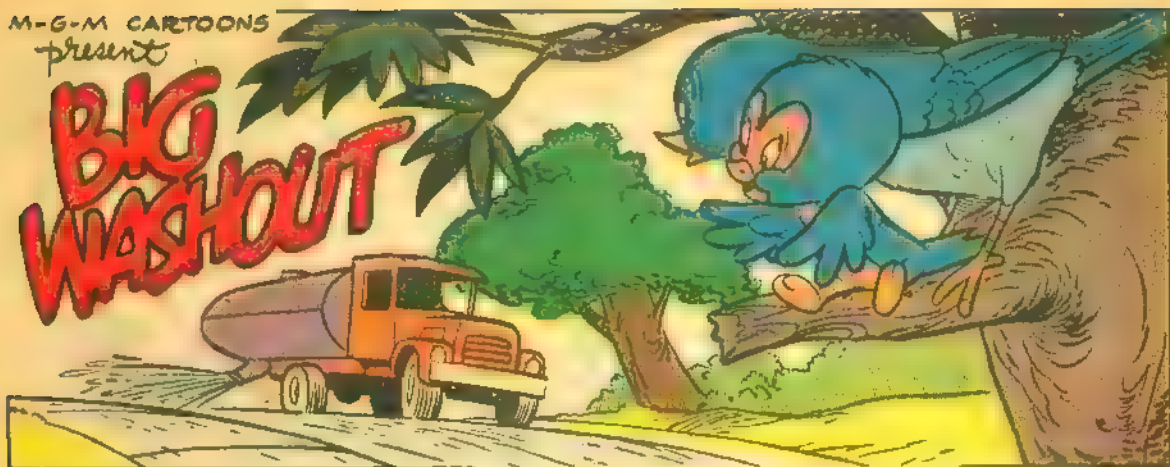






present

BIG WASHOUT



"Chee," Bertie Bird exclaimed one summer afternoon, as he perched on the branch that held his nest-home in Apple Tree Lane. "It's sure hot out!" He flapped his little wings hopefully, trying to stir up a breeze.

"If you'd stop muttering," Brother Billie said dryly, "there'd be a heap less hot air to worry about!"

Bertie was about to retort, when his ears perked up suddenly. "What's that?" he cried. "It sounds like lots of water swishing down the street!"

"The heat's got him," Billie murmured sadly. But a moment later, he jumped, for the heavy swishing sound was coming closer! "Say," he said, "you may be right!"

"It's the street sprinkler man!" Bertie shouted. "Look at all that water shooting out of both sides of his truck!" He hopped about gleefully. "Let's go down there, Billie! Hurry!"

"Wait a minute," Billie warned. "If old Mr. Grouch is driving that truck, don't get too close. Remember how he chased us last time."

But Bertie had already sailed downward. "Feel that spray," he cried excitedly, as he hovered over the gushing stream of water. "Whee! But it feels good!"

"Be careful," Billie hissed in his ear, "it is Mr. Grouch at the wheel! For pete's sake, don't get in front of his windshield. That's what made him so angry before!"

"Relax," Bertie murmured, wiggling his toes in the breeze. "I'm cool for the first time today." He lowered himself still further, so that a light spray touched him. "Oops," Bertie laughed merrily, "it tickles!"

"Watch out!" Billie screamed suddenly, as Mr. Grouch increased the pressure of the water, sending a giant wave surging upward. "Oh, Bertie, where are you?"

"Glub," Bertie gasped, as he felt himself swept upward through the heavy stream of water. Then, "Oof," he groaned, as he hit something hard.

The big truck skidded to a stop and Mr. Grouch got out. He looked very annoyed. "Go away!" he shouted at the two frightened little birds.

A very dazed Bertie Bird clung weakly to the windshield wiper. "Are you all right?" Billie whispered hoarsely. "We just have to get away from here!"

"I can't move," Bertie wailed. "My foot's caught in the windshield wiper!" He trembled as he saw Mr. Grouch approaching, waving his hands wildly.

"Oh, dear," Bertie lamented, "this will be the end of me!"

"Not yet," Billie said staunchly. "I'll think of something!" His eyes lighted suddenly. "I know . . . I'll fly down in front of his face while you try to get loose. Try real hard, Bertie!"

And while Billie bravely zoomed back and forth before the startled Mr. Grouch, Bertie struggled to free himself. "I did it!" he yelled triumphantly, at last.

The two little bluebirds shot up into the air and headed for home. When they were finally in Apple Tree Lane, Billie began to scold. He went on and on and on.

"Oh, well," Bertie twinkled, "one good thing about being scared—it cools you off! Look, I have goosebumps!"

M-G-M CARTOONS

present

BARNEY BEAR

with
FUZZY
and
WUZZY

THAT SHED ROOF
NEEDS FIXING, BUT
I DON'T FEEL LIKE
DOING IT!

LET'S BUILD A
BOAT, FUZZY!

I GUESS I'LL GIVE
FUZZY AND WUZZY
THE JOB!

OH, BOYS!
COME HERE! I
HAVE WORK
FOR YOU!

HECK! UNCLE BARNEY'S
CALLING US!

WONDER WHERE
THEY ARE?

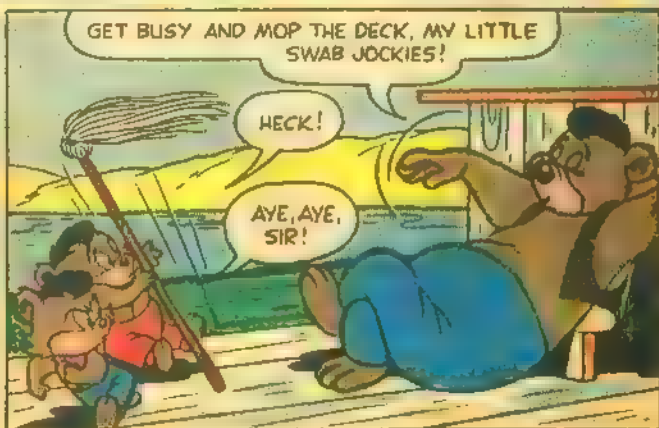
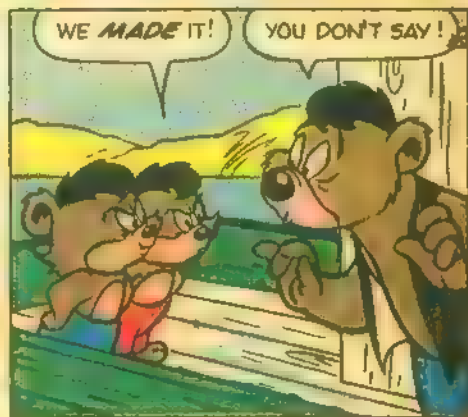
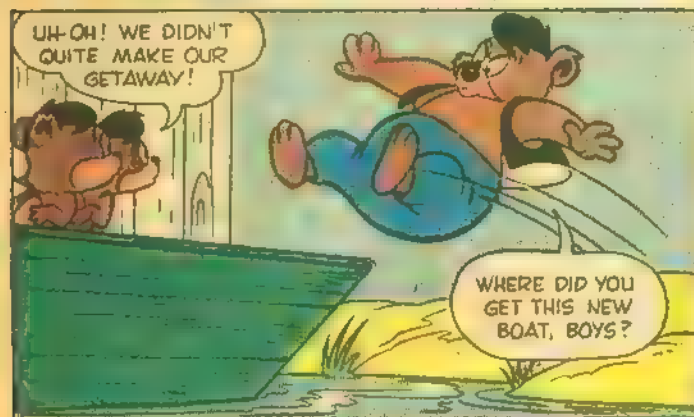
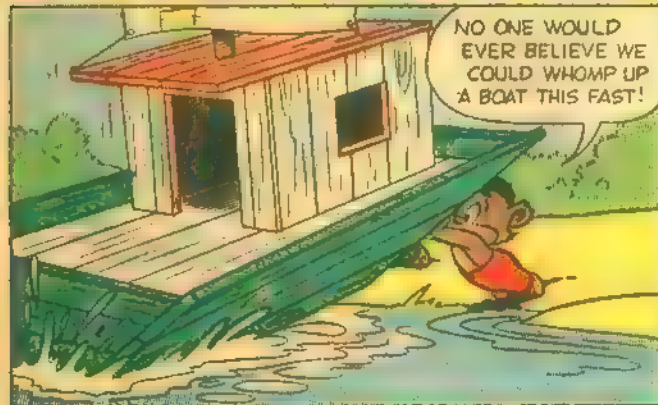
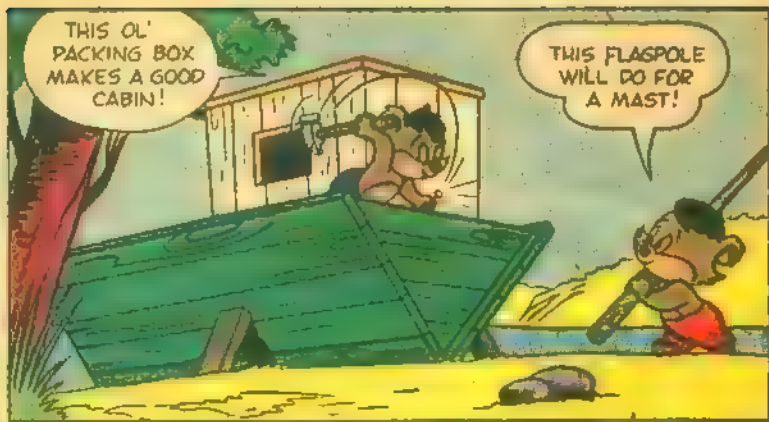
IF HE FINDS US, WE'LL
NEVER GET OUR
BOAT BUILT!

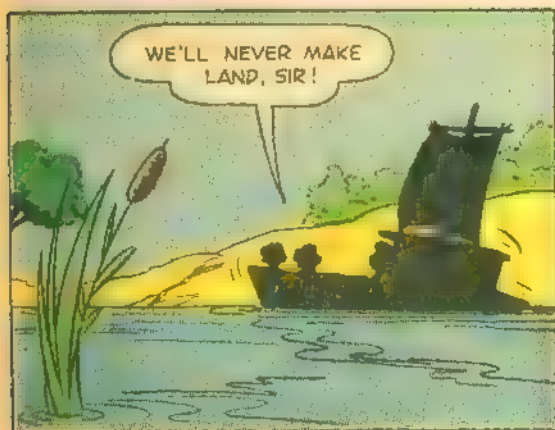
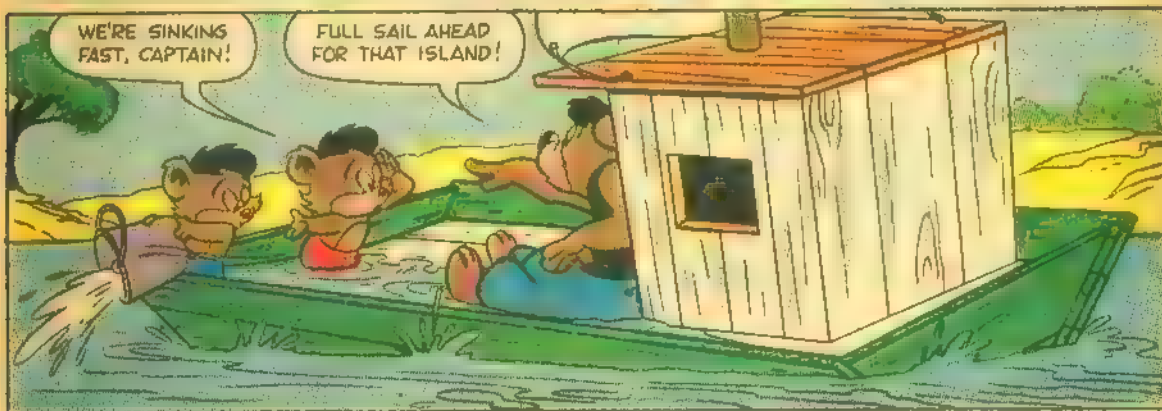
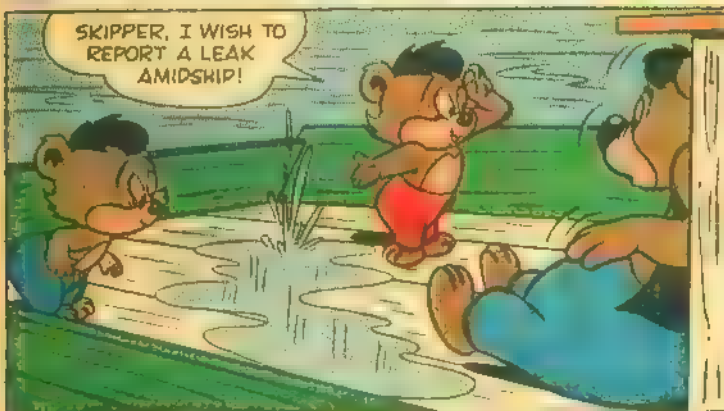
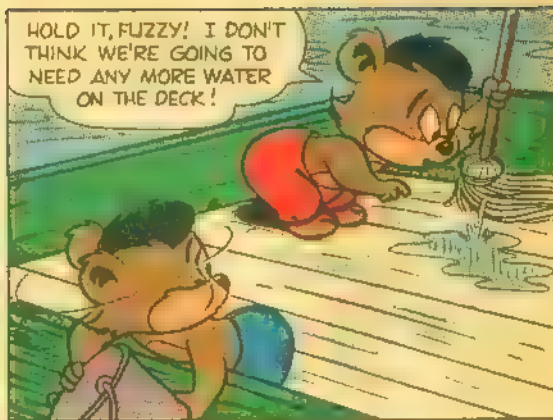
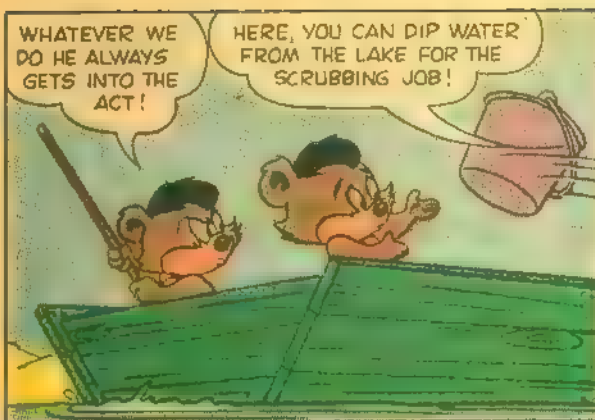
THE LITTLE SCAMPS ARE
PROBABLY DOWN IN
THE VILLAGE!

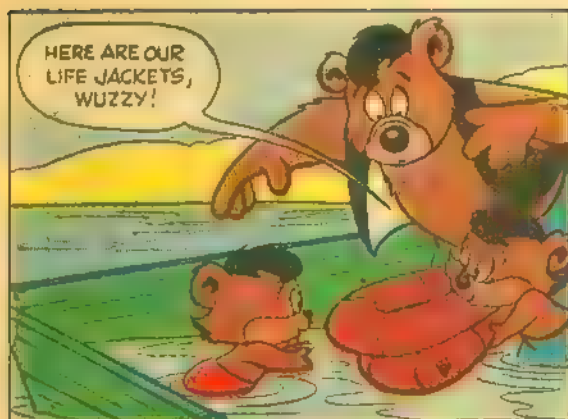
I DON'T THINK HE'S APT TO
FIND US GOING **THAT**
DIRECTION! HA, HA!

HE MAY BE GONE
ALL DAY, FUZZY!

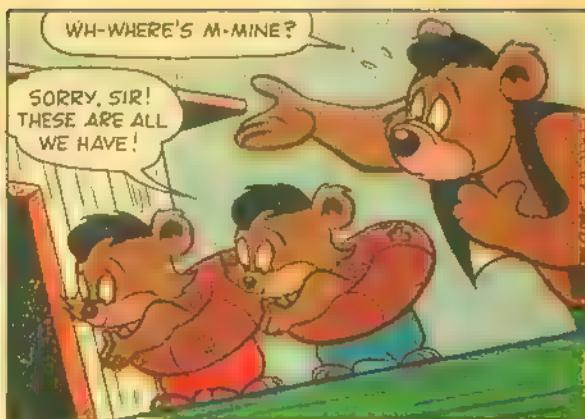
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO
BUILD OUR BOAT BEFORE
HE GETS BACK!





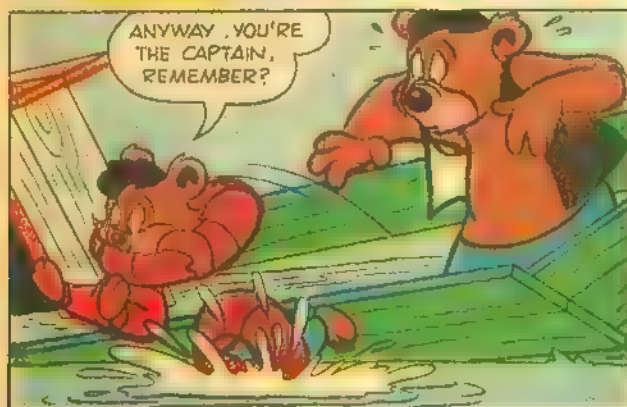


HERE ARE OUR
LIFE JACKETS,
WUZZY!



WH-WHERE'S M-MINE?

SORRY, SIR!
THESE ARE ALL
WE HAVE!



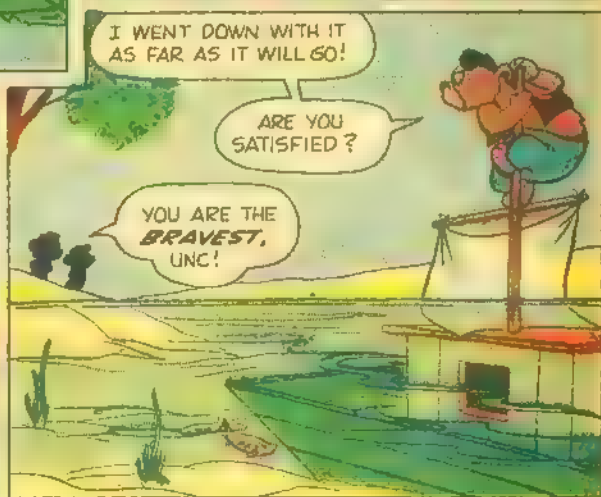
ANYWAY, YOU'RE
THE CAPTAIN,
REMEMBER?



SO NATURALLY, YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO GIVE UP THE SHIP!



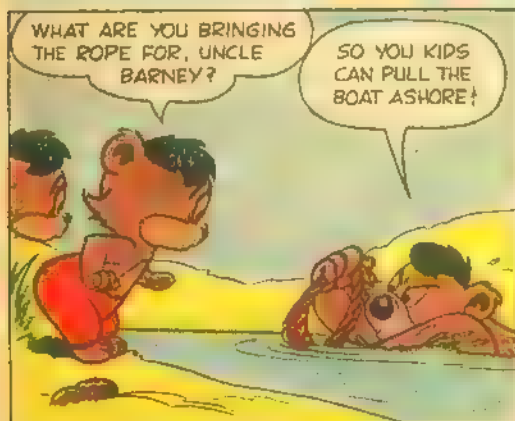
OKAY, I'LL SHOW'EM
I'M NOT AFRAID TO GO
DOWN WITH MY SHIP!



I WENT DOWN WITH IT
AS FAR AS IT WILL GO!

ARE YOU
SATISFIED?

YOU ARE THE
BRAVEST,
UNC!



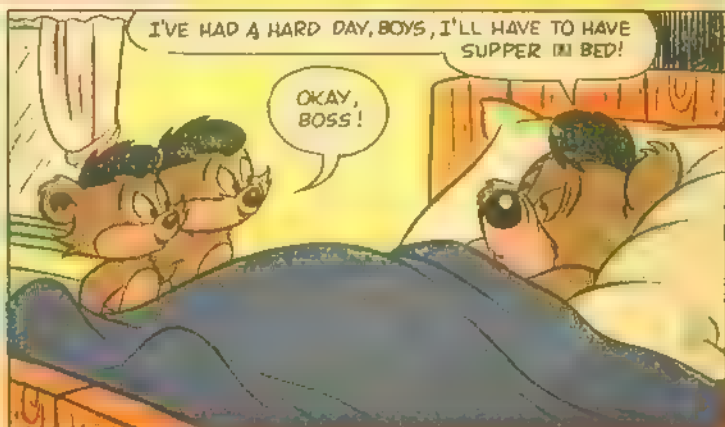
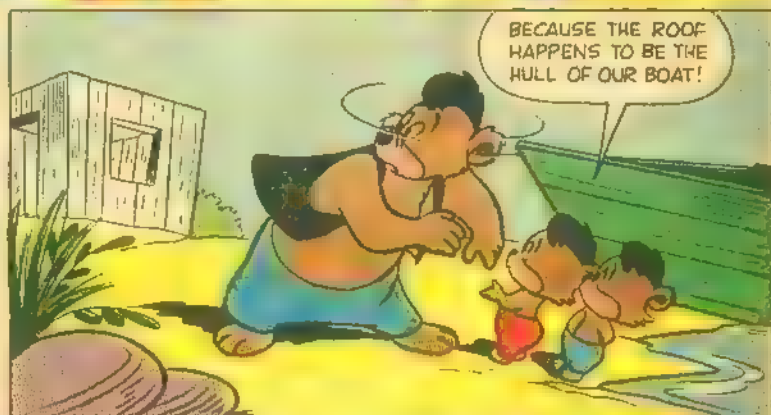
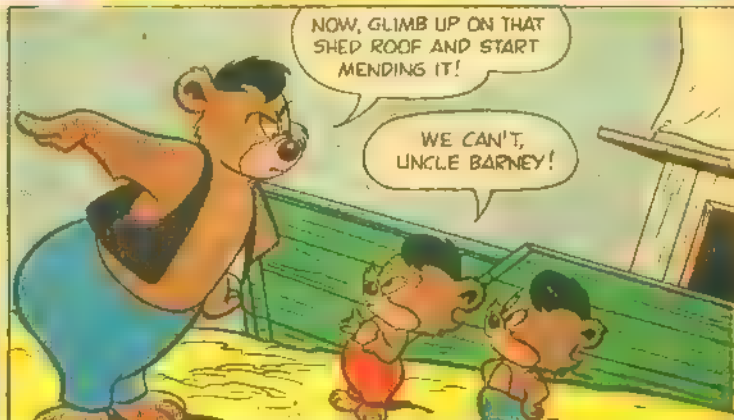
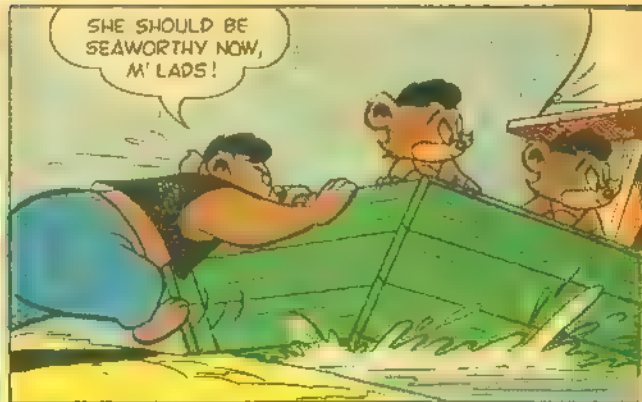
WHAT ARE YOU BRINGING
THE ROPE FOR, UNCLE
BARNEY?

SO YOU KIDS
CAN PULL THE
BOAT ASHORE!



SORRY WE COULDN'T
BEACH IT BY OURSELVES!

**QUIET AND
HEAVE!**

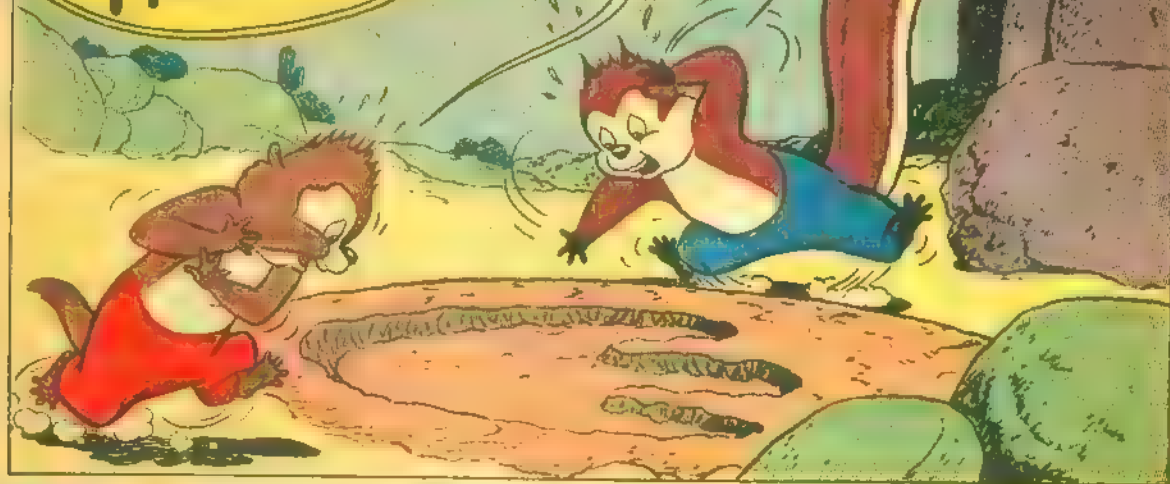


M-G-M CARTOONS
present

Wuff, the PRAIRIE DOG

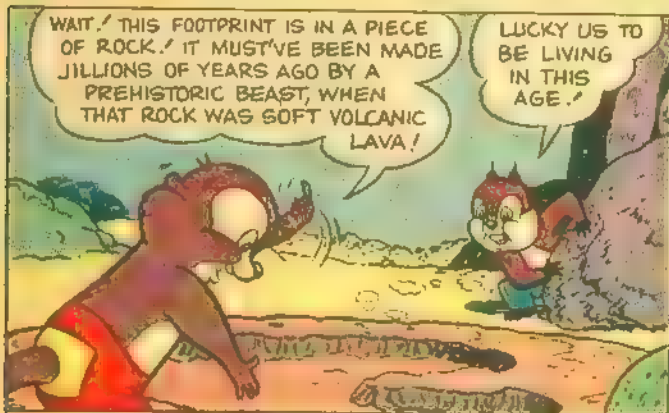
YOWIE! LOOK
AT THE SIZE OF
THIS FOOTPRINT,
WUFF!

GOSH! WHY... A
M-MONSTER
MUST HAVE MADE
IT! COME ON!
LET'S RUN AND
HIDE!



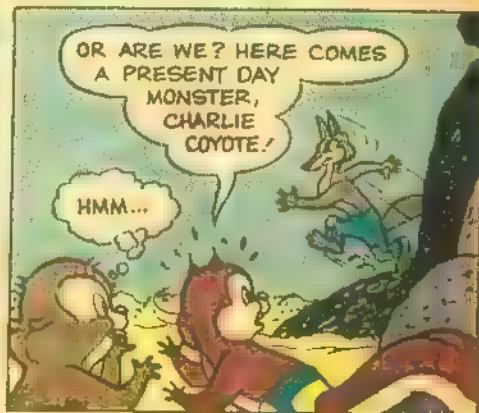
WAIT! THIS FOOTPRINT IS IN A PIECE
OF ROCK! IT MUST'VE BEEN MADE
JILLIONS OF YEARS AGO BY A
PREHISTORIC BEAST, WHEN
THAT ROCK WAS SOFT VOLCANIC
LAVA!

LUCKY US TO
BE LIVING
IN THIS
AGE!



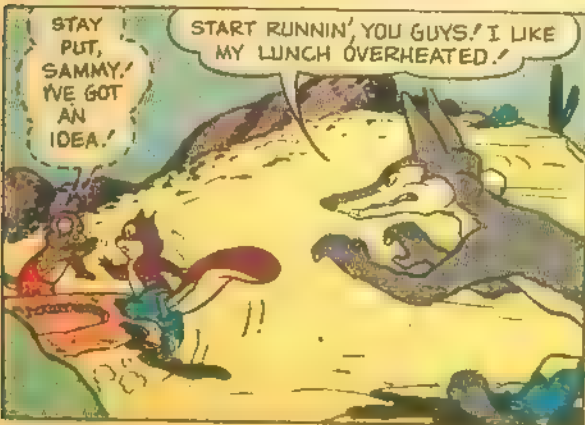
OR ARE WE? HERE COMES
A PRESENT DAY
MONSTER,
CHARLIE
COYOTE!

HMM...



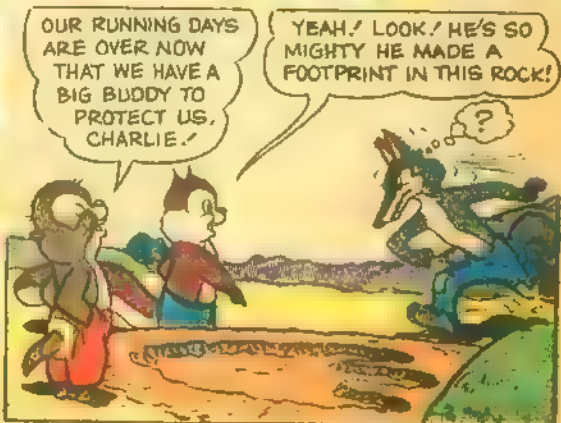
STAY
PUT,
SAMMY!
WE GOT
AN
IDEA!

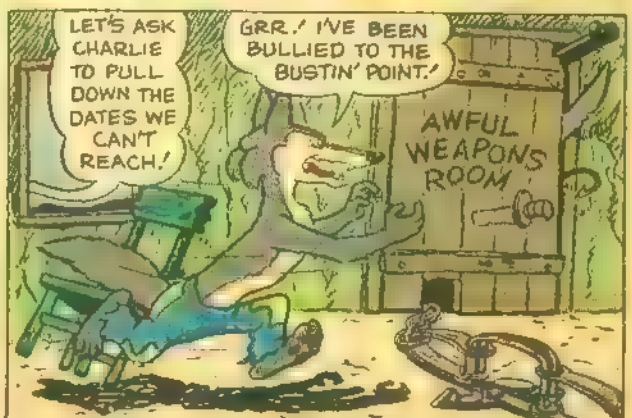
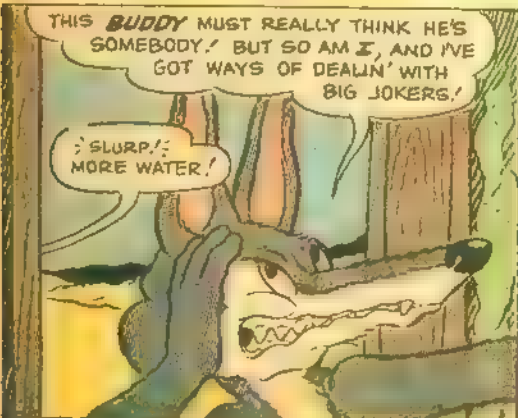
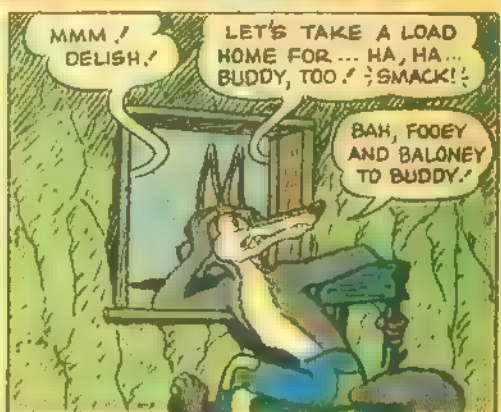
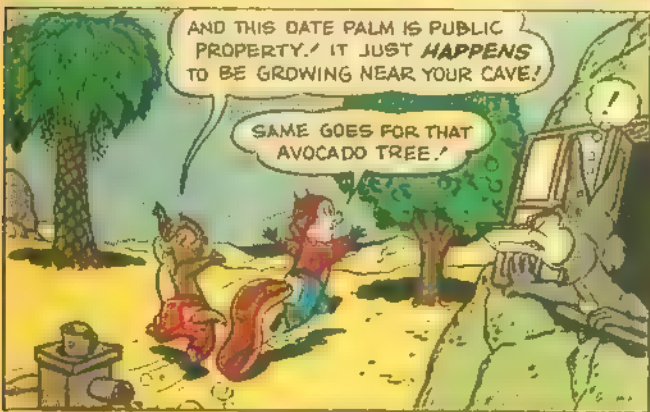
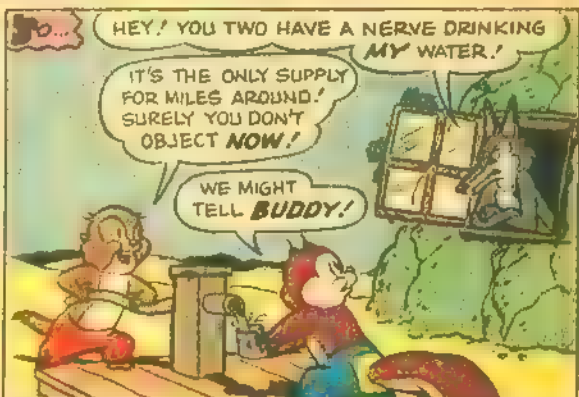
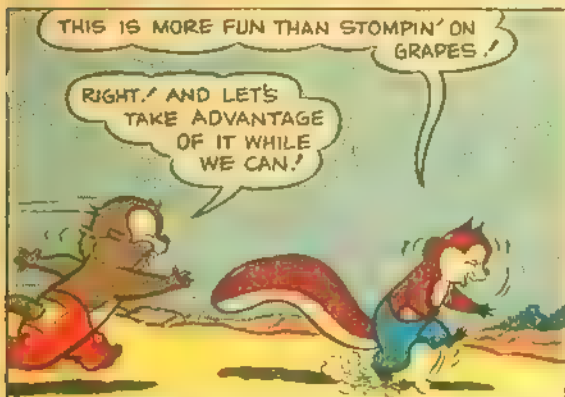
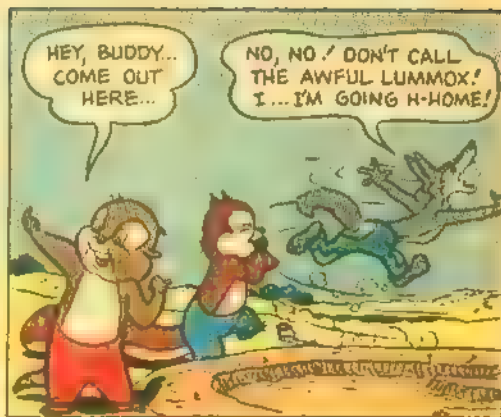
START RUNNIN' YOU GUYS! I LIKE
MY LUNCH OVERHEATED!

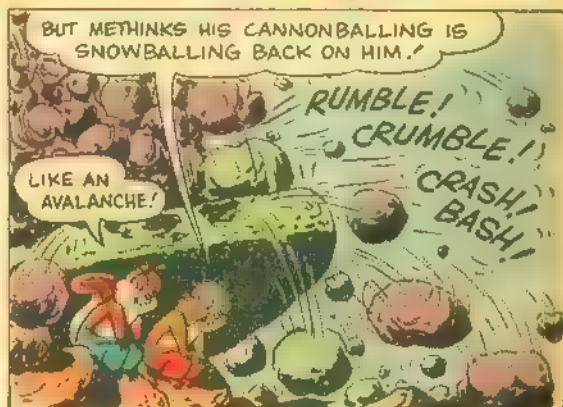
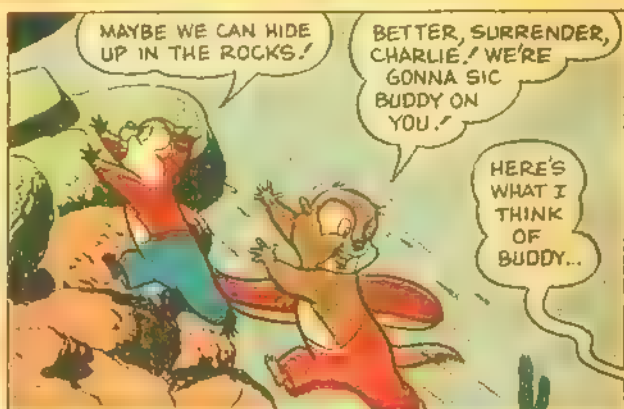
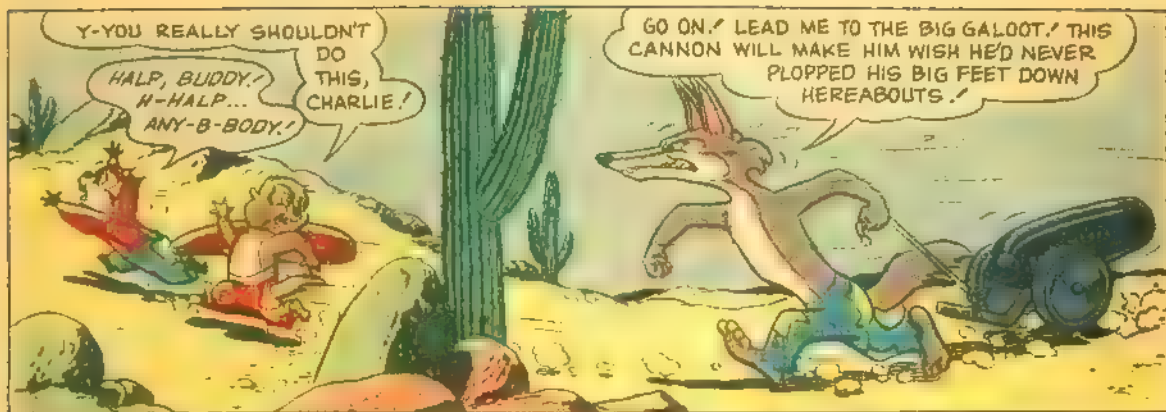


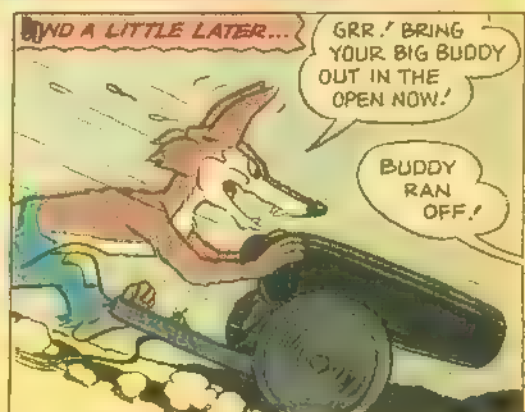
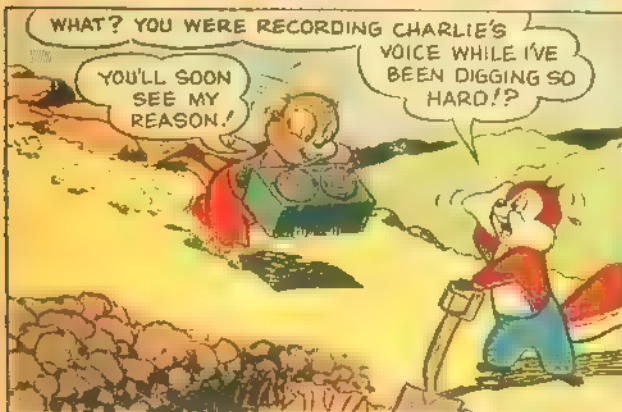
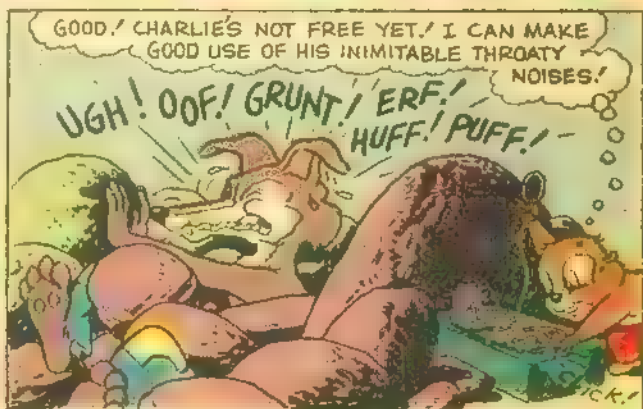
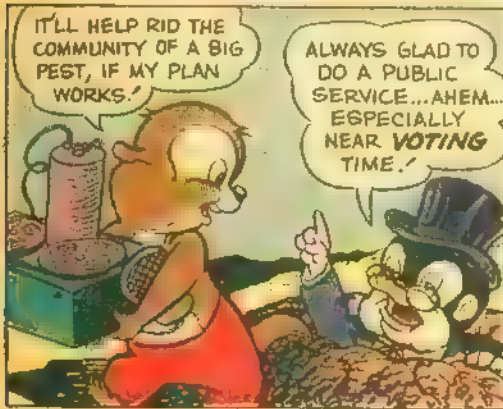
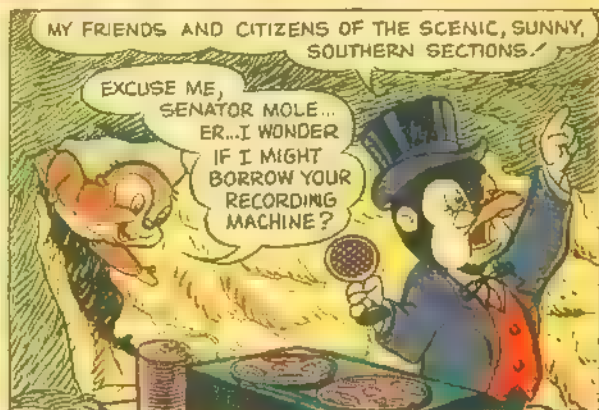
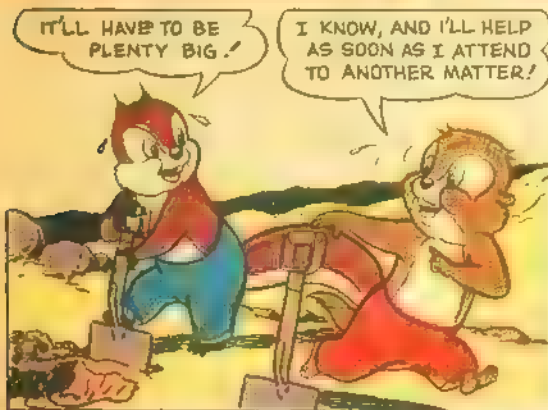
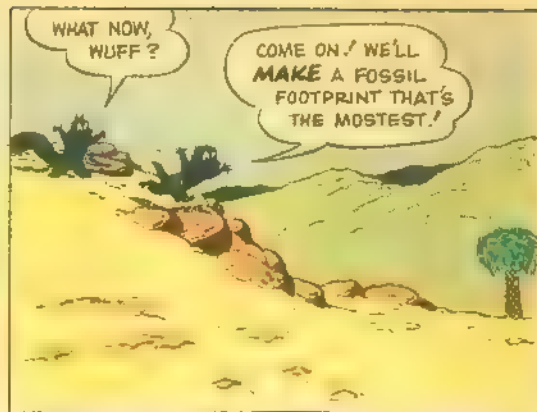
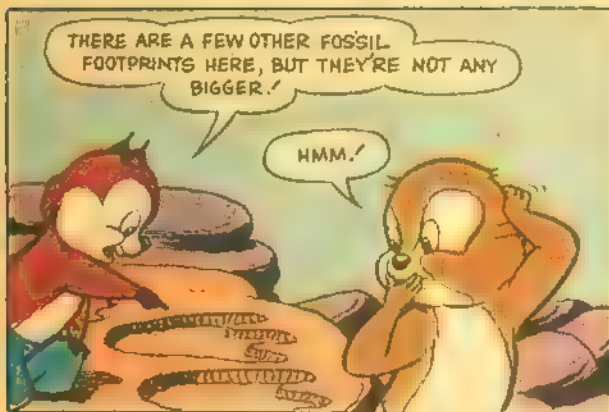
OUR RUNNING DAYS
ARE OVER NOW
THAT WE HAVE A
BIG BUDDY TO
PROTECT US,
CHARLIE!

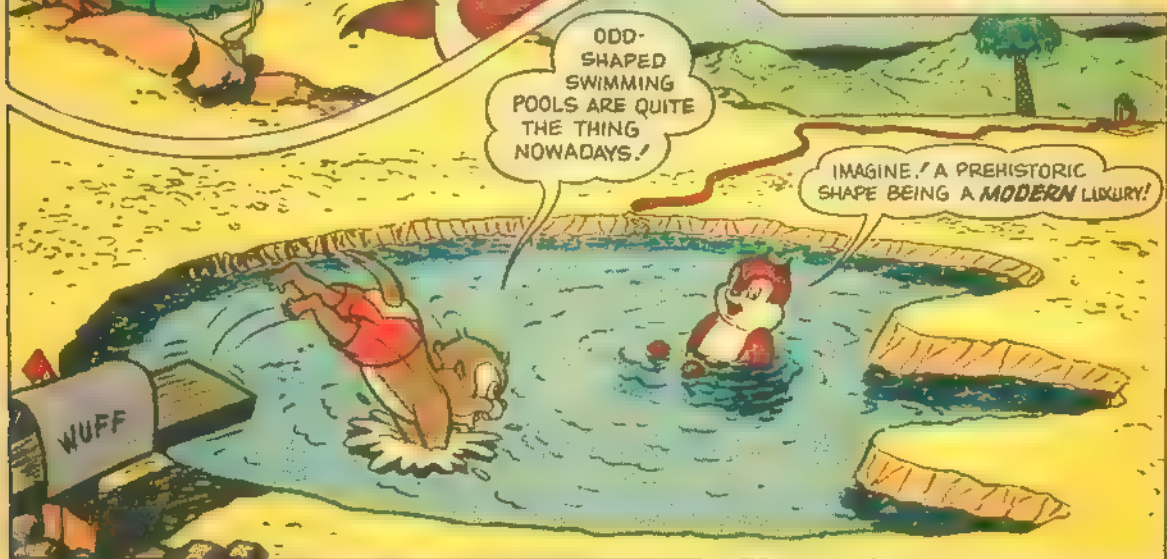
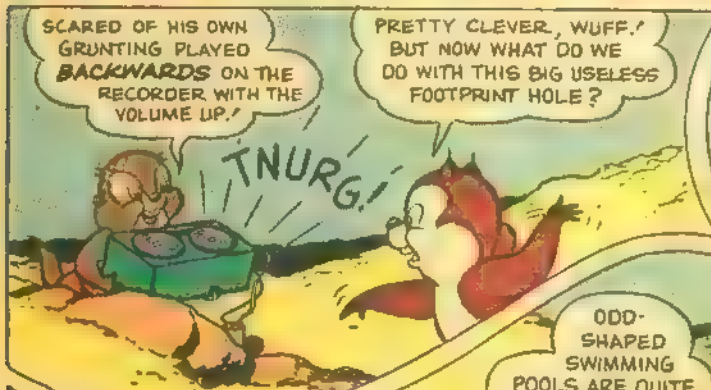
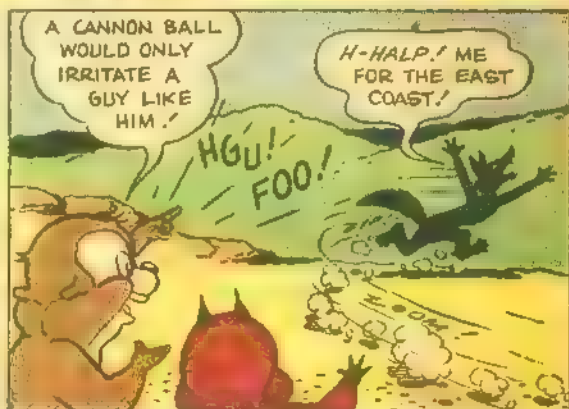
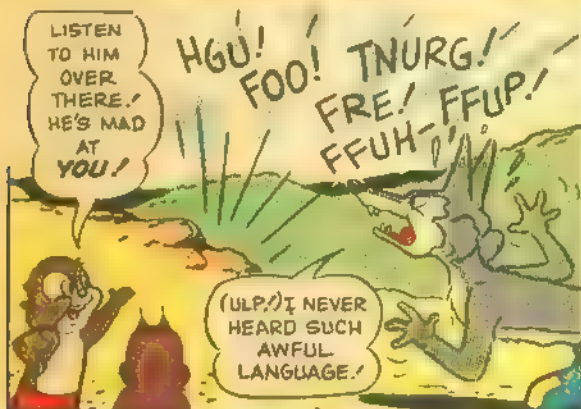
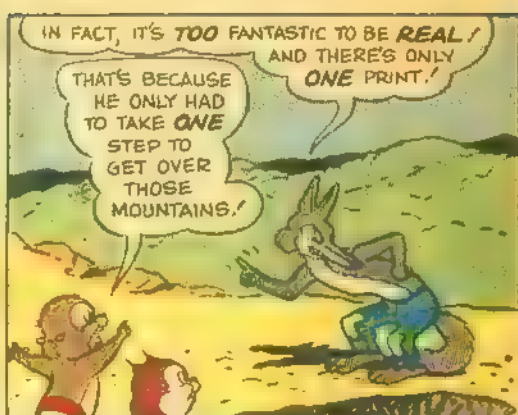
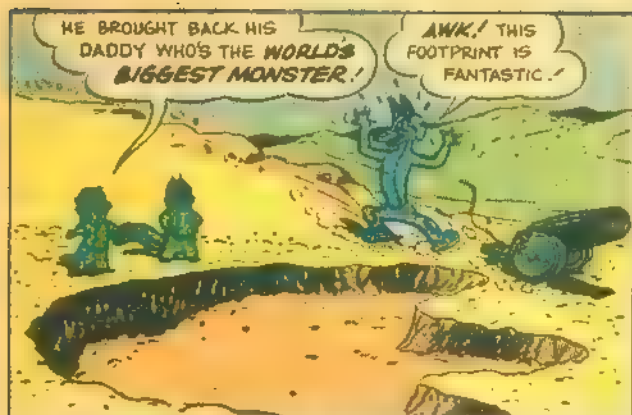
YEAH! LOOK! HE'S SO
MIGHTY HE MADE A
FOOTPRINT IN THIS ROCK!







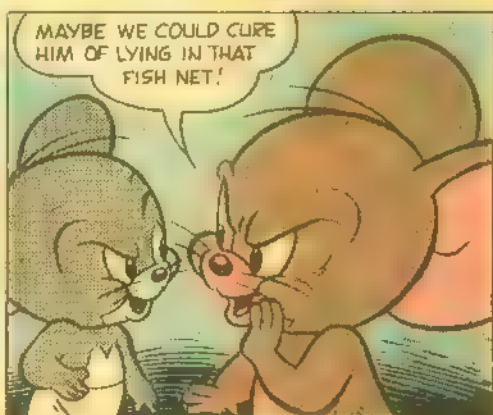
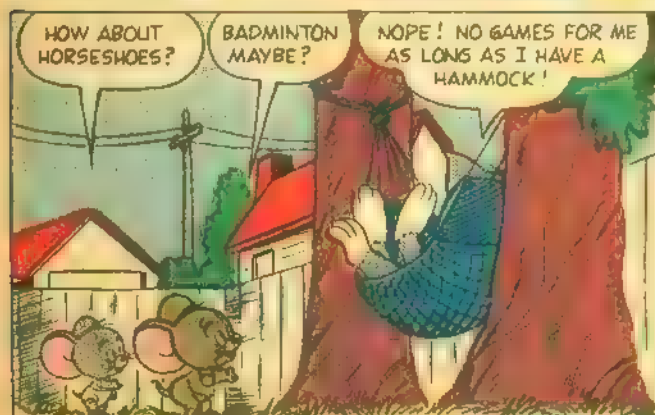
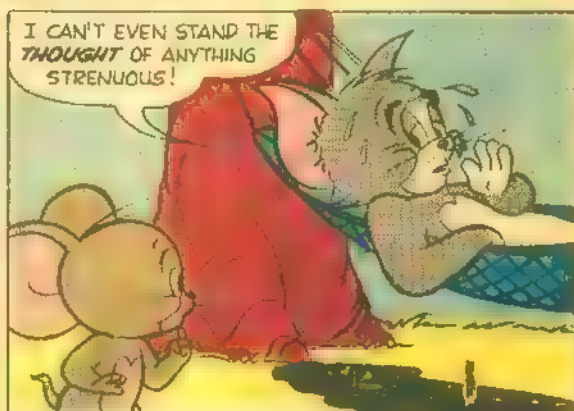
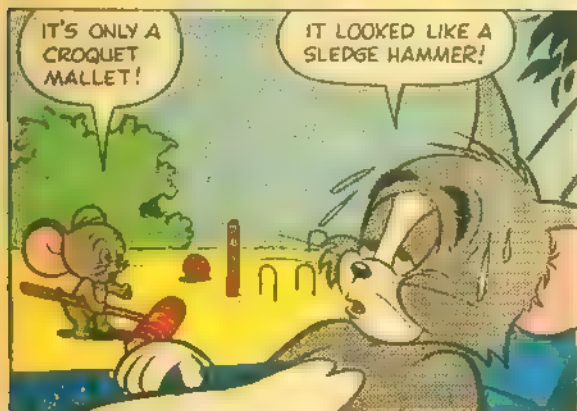
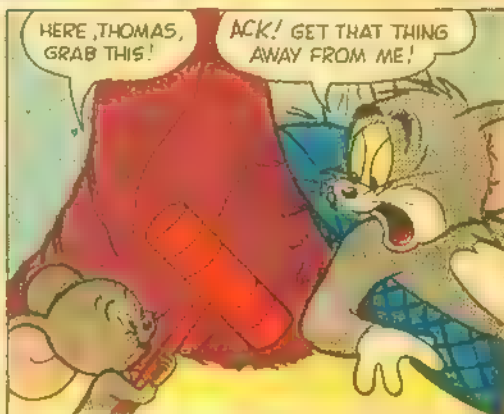
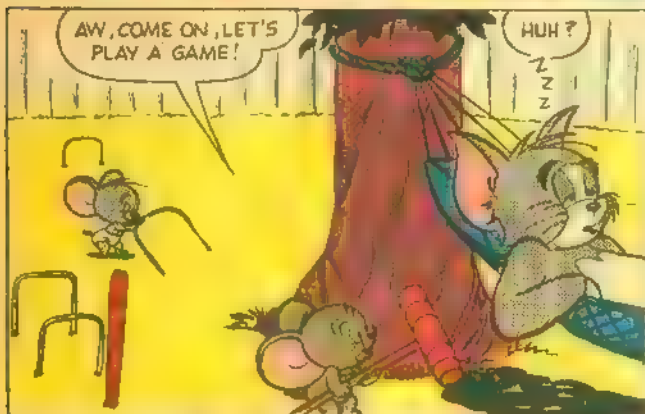
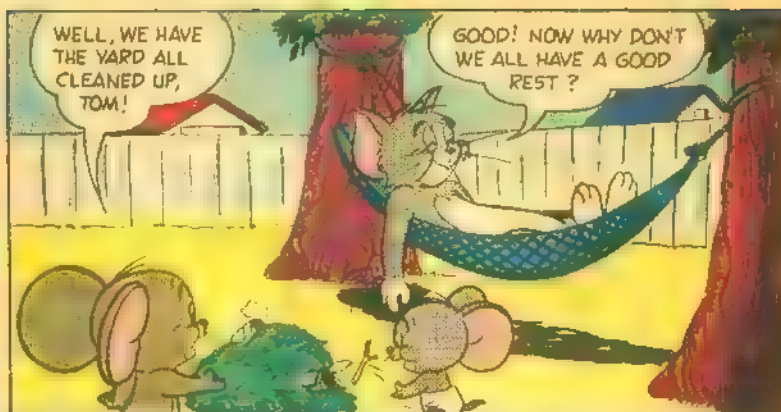


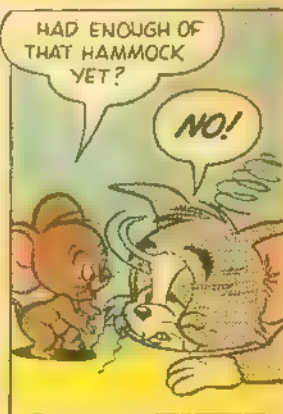
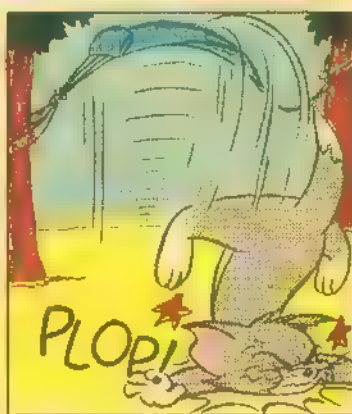
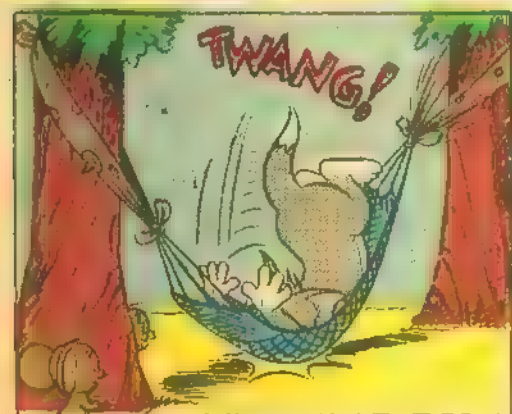
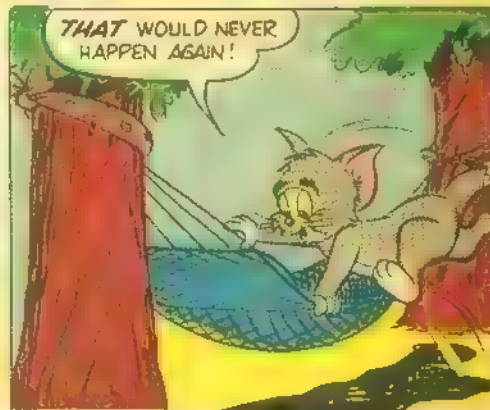
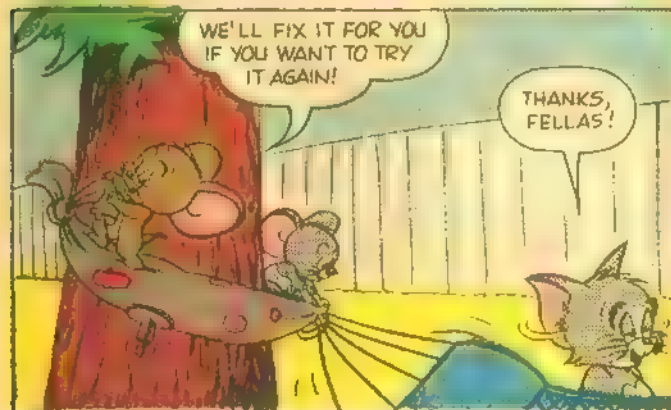
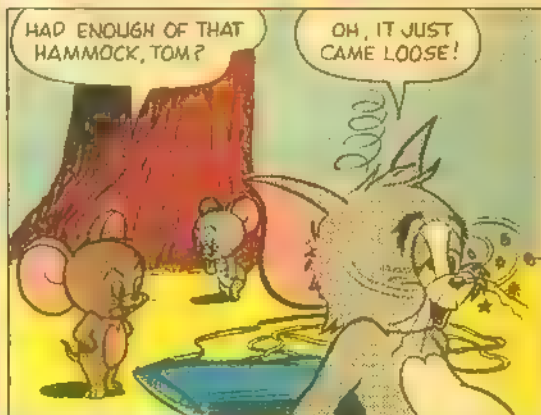
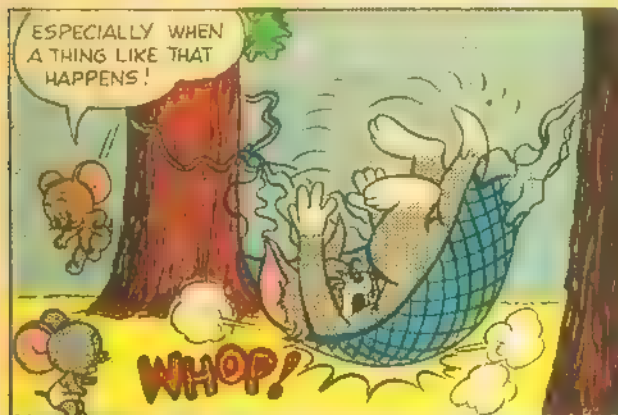
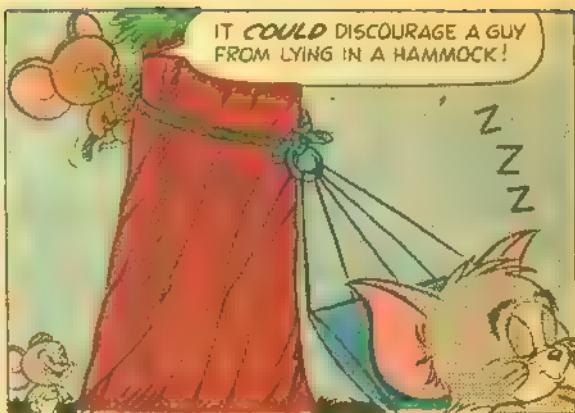
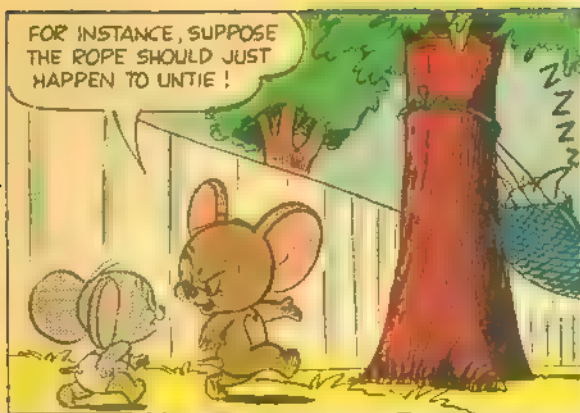


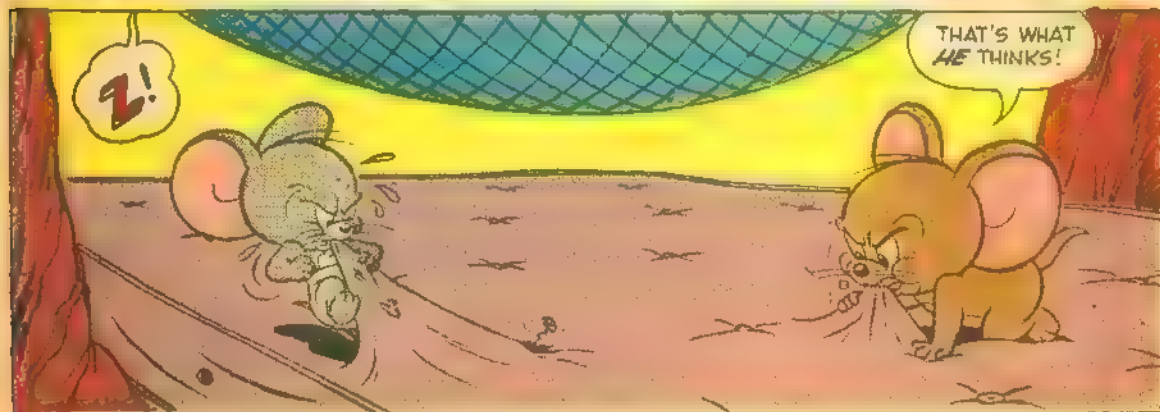
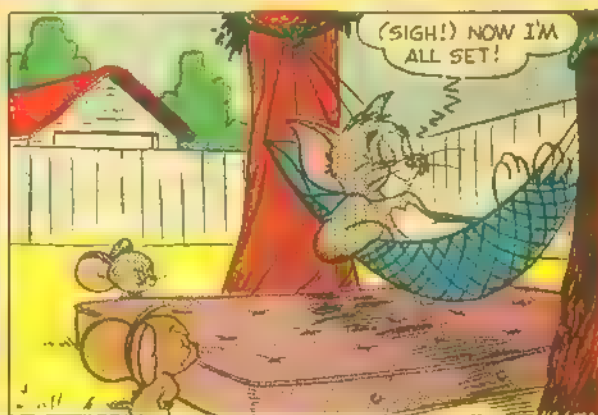
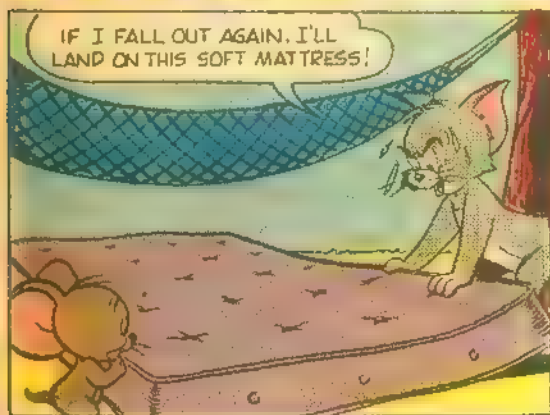
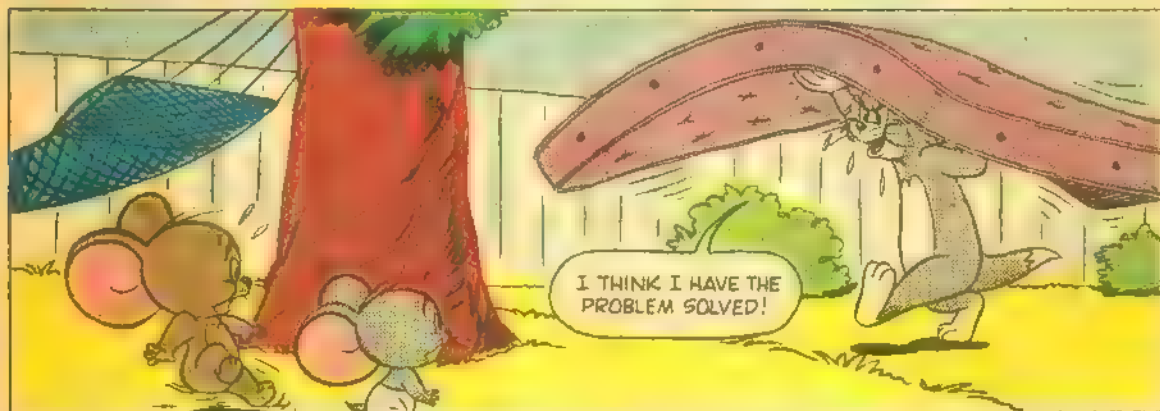
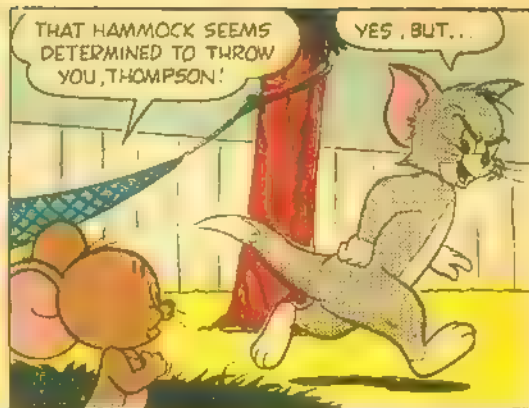
M-G-M CARTOONS

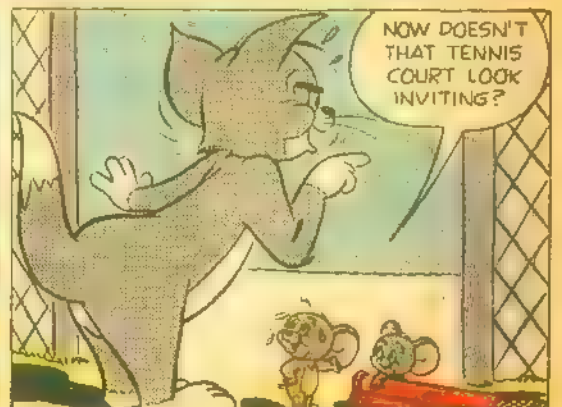
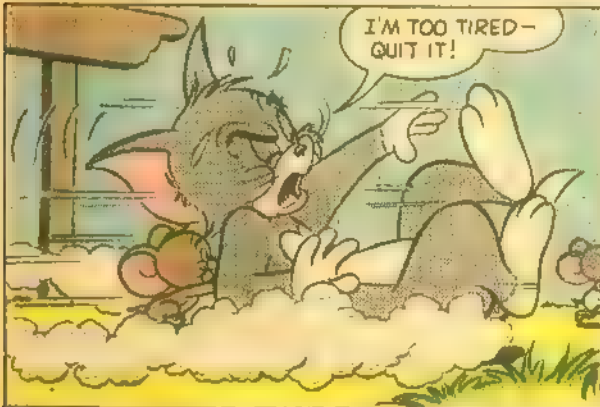
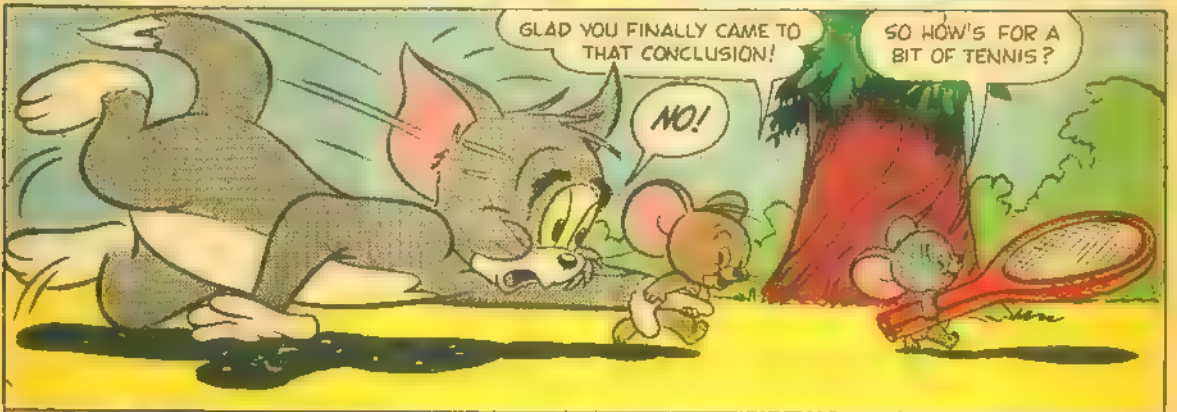
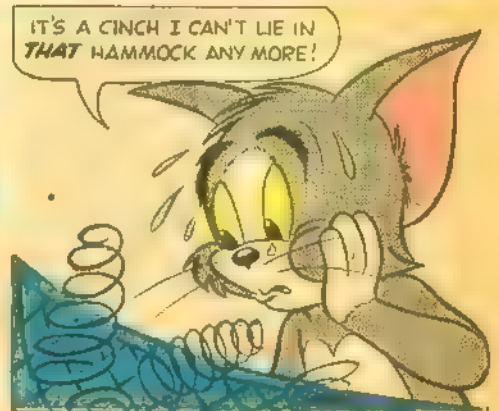
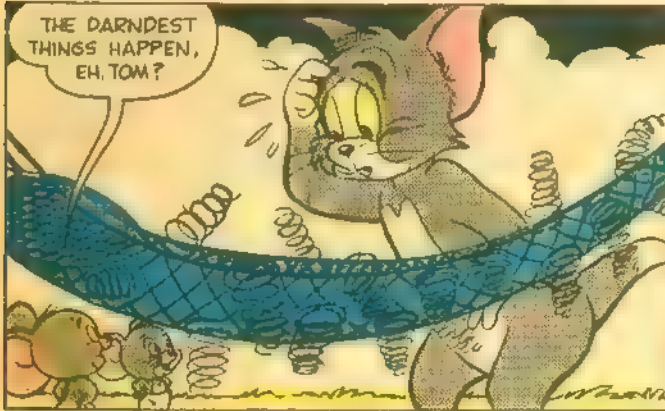
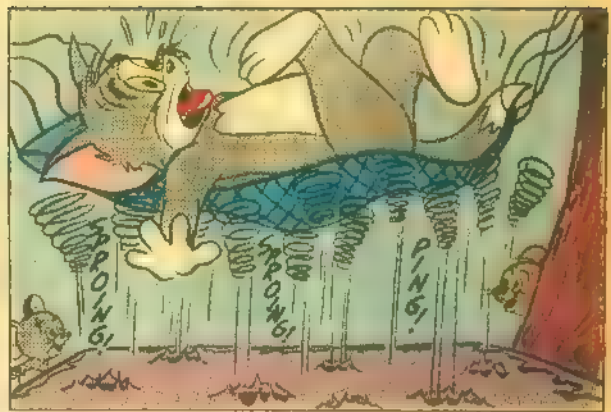
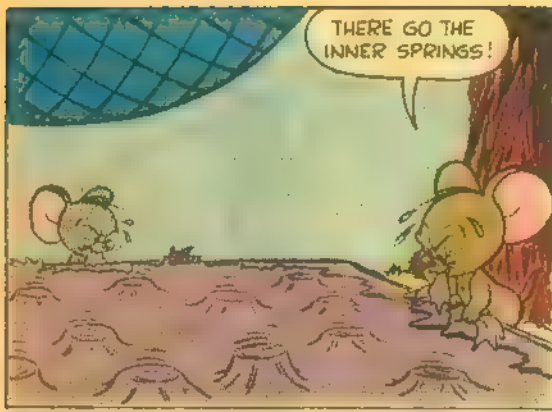
present

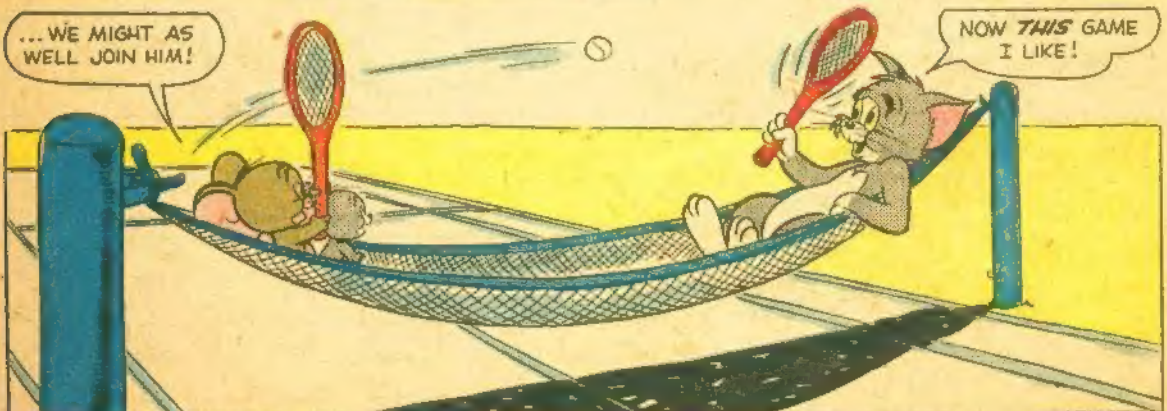
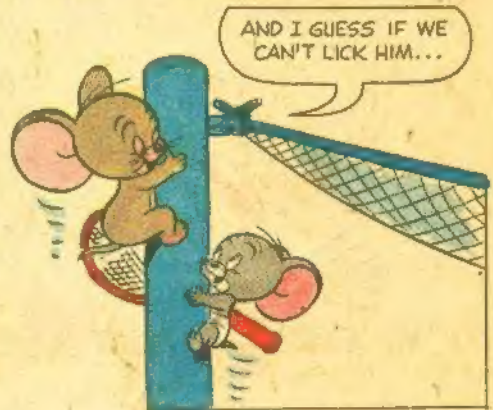
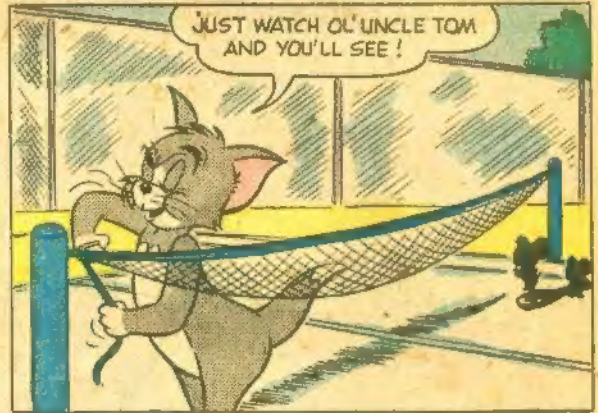
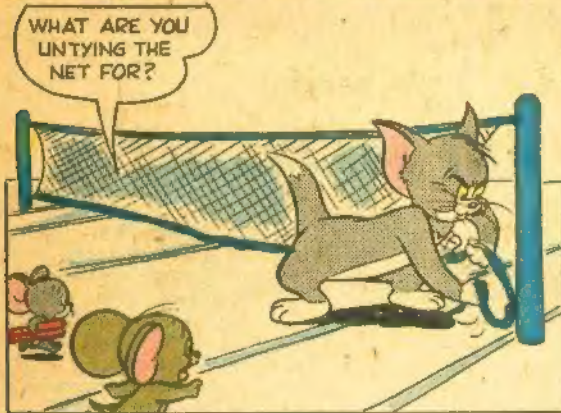
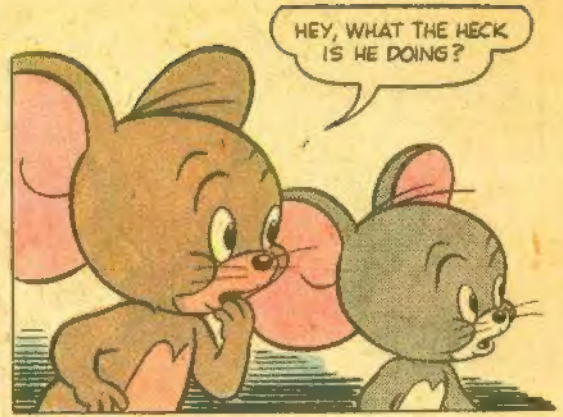
TOM and JERRY

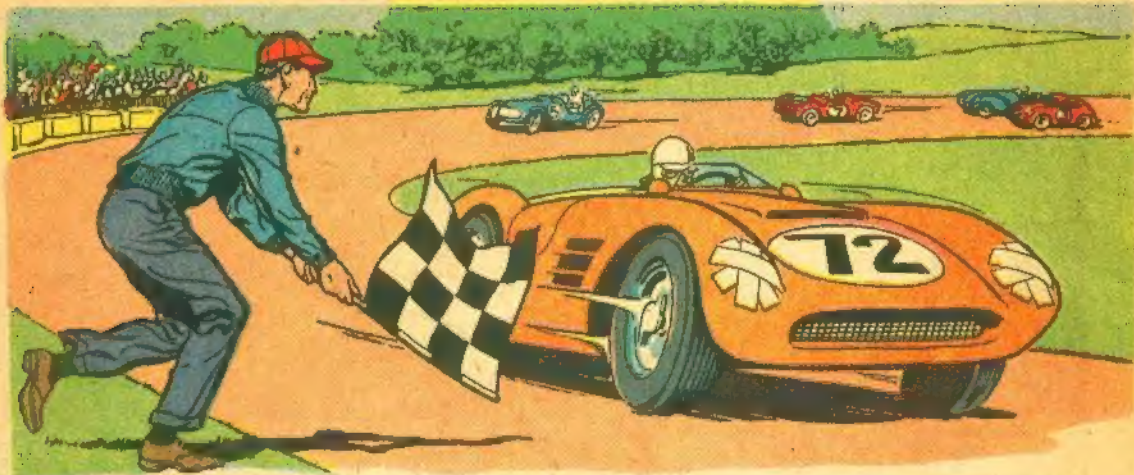






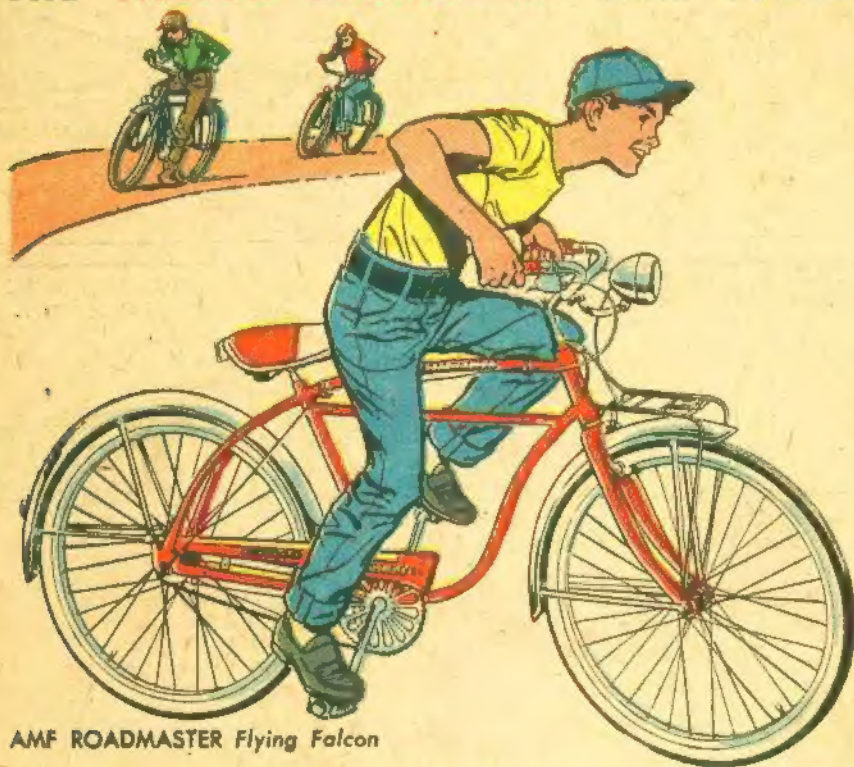






We built it like a sports car to give you safety, power and go!

THE 'ACTION-ENGINEERED' AMF ROADMASTER



AMF ROADMASTER Flying Falcon

At cornering...cruising...or "dragging" nothing can beat an AMF Roadmaster. Why? Because only AMF Roadmaster is 'Action-Engineered'.

3-speed gears help you mow down hills...whiz along straightaways...get jack-rabbit starts. And while you're in the saddle, you have the sure safety of powerful hand- and foot-brakes to stop you in any emergency.

Yes, this AMF Roadmaster is really a lot of bike. Features include a powerful front searchlight, racy front luggage carrier, 2-tone sports saddle and an electronically welded frame that simply defies breakdowns.

For the ride of your life, ride on years-ahead 'Action-Engineered' AMF Roadmaster.

Mom and Dad: AMF ROADMASTER bicycles are guaranteed for life. See your dealer for full details.

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Send me my 36-page full-color book, "Buddy Wins His Wings", absolutely free. I want to learn about safer bike riding and about games I can play on bikes.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



AMF CYCLE COMPANY
Little Rock, Arkansas

COMES IN
2 COLORS

YOUR NAME
IN 2 LINES

GLOW-IN-THE
DARK LETTERS

ALL METAL
NAME PLATE

3 INCHES
HIGH



6 INCHES LONG

RAISED LETTERS
LIKE AUTO
LICENSE

\$1.00
VALUE

Cracker Jack® offers You this
GLOW-IN-THE-DARK Name Plate-
with **YOUR NAME** on it, for 2 TOY Wrappers and 25¢



**GET YOUR NAME PLATES FOR
BIKE-WAGON-CAR-LOCKER**

LOOK! Here's just what you want for your bike—a metal plate with your first and last name stamped on it in raised, glow-in-the-dark letters. Comes in two colors like an auto license plate. Put it on your bike—wagon—family car—locker—bedroom door—any place you want your name.



**HURRY! SEND FOR YOUR METAL
NAME PLATE AT ONCE**

You can have your name, or any other 2 names, on your name plate. Just PRINT the two names wanted on your plate, in the coupon below. Each line can have 10 letters—no more. To get a name plate, send 25¢ in coin and two wrappers that hold the toys you find in CRACKER JACK. Offer expires June 30, 1958. Use coupon below.

PERSONAL NAME PLATE COUPON

CRACKER JACK, P.O. BOX 7167, CHICAGO 80, ILL.

Enclosed are 2 CRACKER JACK toy wrappers and 25¢ in coin for Metal Name Plate. Put these 2 names on my plate.

FIRST LINE (Print) _____

SECOND LINE (Print) _____

SEND TO (Name) _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer limited to U.S.A. and territories



Get **NEW**
CRACKER JACK
in **FOIL** wrapped box

LOTS of PEANUTS

CRACKER JACK is a tasty combination of candied popcorn with LOTS of candied peanuts. The more you eat... the more you want.

TOYS for YOU in CRACKER JACK

In every package of CRACKER JACK is a wrapper containing a SurPRIZE Toy. Because you get a different toy most every time, it's fun to collect them. Start your toy collection, now!

**ANY TIME YOU WANT A SNACK
NOTHING'S BETTER THAN**

Cracker Jack®